LEE
MULBERRY
SCHOOL

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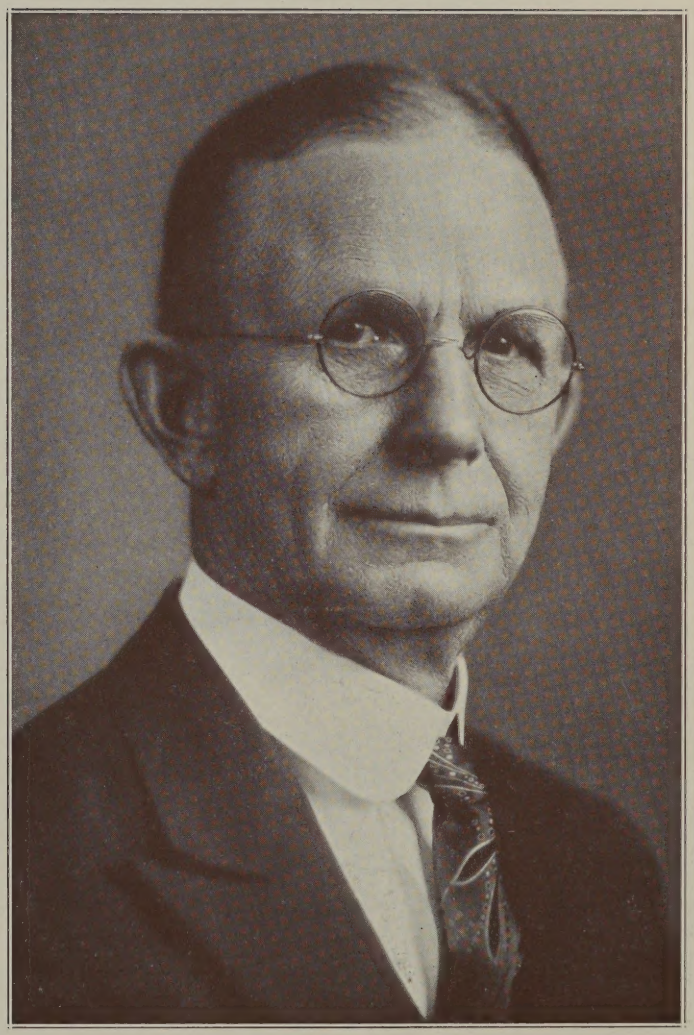
FOREWORD

A STARK, uncertain future lies before us. We do not know our fates now, as we are about to embark on the sea of life, but we have soaring hopes and golden dreams, and we have set inspiring goals. We are ready to make our conquests in that unknown world, and we feel confident that we will overcome all obstacles which may confront us on that glorious adventure. There is no possible way of knowing the course of future events, but there is one thing of which we are sure, and that is the testimony of four years spent in Millbury High School, forever recorded in this, our Aftermath.

As time passes by, swift in its flight, it is our desire that we will have an opportunity to recall our splendid high school years, to read again of a life sparkling with gaiety in which we once were a part. In doing so, may these shining paragraphs bring back all youthful ambitions, and let it serve as a reminder to carry on nobly and in a manner befitting to all of us as we planned to do when we first set sail.

TO MARY GROGAN
FOR HER INFINITE UNDERSTANDING,
HER ENDURING PATIENCE,
AND HER PLEASANT DISPOSITION,
THE CLASS OF 1933
SINCERELY DEDICATES THIS AFTERMATH.



MR. FERGUSON

MR. SHEA

THE FACULTY

MR. SHEA—Holy Cross, A. B. 1916.
MR. BEATON—Clark University, A. B., 1927.
MISS BERGIN—New England Conservatory of Music.
MISS BUTKIEWICZ—Massachusetts School of Art.
MISS CUTTS—Radcliffe College, A. B., 1930.
MISS DONAHUE—Trinity College, A. B., 1924.
MR. ELA—Fitchburg Normal, 1932.
MISS GROGAN—Boston University, A. B., 1928.
MR. HIGGINBOTTOM—Clark University, A. B., 1932.
MISS G. HORNE—Brown University, A. B., 1930; A. M., 1931.
MISS D. HORNE—Brown University, A. B., 1929.
MISS LEAVITT—Simmons College, B. S., 1930.
MISS MASSIE—Framingham Normal, B. S., 1929.
MR. NEARY—Holy Cross, A. B., 1926.
MR. RATIGAN—Holy Cross, A. B., 1919; Clark University, A. M., 1923; Northeastern University, LL.B., 1928.
MISS RIORDAN—Tufts College, A. B., 1926.
MR. SHAW—Holy Cross, A. B., 1929.
MISS SULLIVAN—Sargeant School, 1926.

CLASS SONG

JOSEPHINE BEAUREGARD

To the tune of
"Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms."

We are gathered together to sing a farewell
To the teachers and friends of our class.
Every day spent with them has a place in our hearts,
And we re'lize too soon they have passed.
Now we go forth in life to meet hardships as well
As to seek happiness and success;
And we'll often grow sad and then wearily sigh,
As we think of our dear Millbury High.

DORIS ADAMS

"Angels listen while she speaks."

Doris is what you would call a sweet girl. We usually see her in a quiet mood, but know that she is not always that way. We are confident that she will be a wonderful teacher.

Office 1-4, Debating Club, Picture Committee, Prom Committee 3.

ALMA ANDERSON

"At what I sing there's some may smile."

I am sure you have all heard Andy's beautiful voice, for at high school plays and other occasions she has sung for us. She is also an accomplished violin player. Naturally, we are glad to have her in our class.

Basketball 1, Orchestra 1-2-3, Dramatic Club 3, Prom Committee 3-4.

ROGER ANDERSON

"All must be earnest in a world like ours."

Roger holds the undisputed title of being the quietest person in the class. At recess and noon, when others are proclaiming the goodness of their lungs, he is found studying in some secluded corner of Room 21.

Prom Committee 4.

HAROLD ARMY

"None but dull rogues think."

Jake seems to lead a rather merry existence as exemplified by his constant good nature. But, in spite of his mirth, he has served faithfully as class treasurer and shown his worth at basketball.

Baseball 1-2-3-4, Basketball 1-2-3-4 (Captain 4), Treasurer 1-2-3-4, Ring Committee, Prom Committee 3-4, Picture Committee.

HELEN BACON

"Softly speak and sweetly smile."

Helen has the loveliest smile and it is in constant use. She always appears so calm and self-controlled that we often wonder if she is always that way. At any rate, we all like her.

Reflector Staff 3-4, Second Honors, Motto Committee, Tickets and Invitation Committee of Senior Class, Graduation speaker.

JOSEPHINE BEAUREGARD

"The maid who modestly conceals
Her beauties, while she hides, reveals."

Josie has two main ambitions in life: to be a successful beautician and to travel. We know both of her desires will be fulfilled, for she has a charming manner which seems to win her many things.

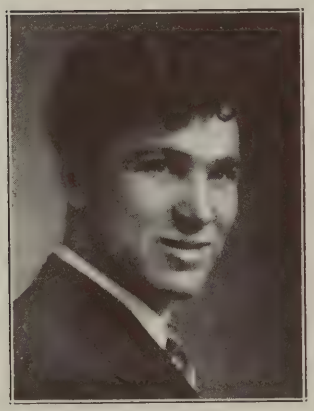
Dramatic Club 4, Orchestra 3, Class Song 4.

WILLARD BLANCHARD

"'For they can conquer who believe they can."

Willard has the highest average among the boys for four years. He also won the mathematics and science award—a very laudable record. We hope he will continue his good work at Clark.

Baseball 1-2-3-4, Prom Committee 3-4, Honor Student.



ROY BRUNINGHAUS

"We are growing serious, and let me tell you, that's the very next step to being dull."

Roy has a pair of lusty lungs, as evidenced by his melodious tunes heard in every corner of Room 21. But life is not all song, for we wonder how the baseball team will ever manage without its star pitcher.

Basketball 1, Baseball 1-2-3-4, Prom Committee 3-4.

MARJORIE CAPLETTE

"Youth Calls for Pleasure"'

Youth, gaiety and laughter are synonymous with Margie. Her gamin grin is a symbol of her sparkling self. She has also proven herself a fine basketball player, and what a nurse she'll be!

Basketball 2-3-4 (Captain '31), Invitation Committee of Senior Class, Prom Committee 3-4, Gym Exhibition 1, Office 4.

HENRY COLEMAN

"His nature is kind and affable to every creature."

Since Henry is the most handsome person in our class, what could be more fitting than to see him continually surrounded by women. I must add, though, that it is not a one-sided affair, for he derives much pleasure from teasing the girls. As a matter of fact, it seems to be his favorite sport, outside of track.

Cross Country 3-4, Prom Committee 3-4, Picture Committee.

OLGA DALIDA

"Happy, as it were, by report."

No one ever saw Olga in a pensive mood. We wonder how she can always be so happy. Her sparkling personality and gay moods captivate everyone.

Prom Committee 3-4, Dramatic Club 3-4, Class Honors, Reflector 4, Salutatorian.

MARY DAVAGIAN

"When all the world conspires to praise her
Mary is deaf and does not hear."

Modest Mary, being valedictorian of our class, is everything that you would expect her to be. However, she accepts her glories calmly, thereby making herself still better liked.

Basketball 2-3-4 (Cautain 3), Graduation speaker, Honor Pupil, Prom Committee 3-4, Gym Exhibition 1, Vice-President of Class 3-4.

FLORENCE DRUMGOOL

"Heart on her lips and Soul within her eyes."

Flossie has an immense capacity for giggling—usually at the wrong time. However, we like her for it and hope that her good spirits will always stay with her.

Dramatic Club 4, Basketball 2, Gym Exhibition 3.

HUGH EATON

"The greatest men
May ask a foolish question now and then."

Although Hugh came to our class in our junior year, we feel as if he had been a member since its infancy. He has won many friends, boys and girls alike, and has contributed much to athletics.

Basketball 3-4, Baseball 3-4, Prom Committee 4.

CHESTER ETHIER

"Tomorrow do thy worst for I have lived today."

Chet has a way with him which seems to attract everyone, or perhaps it's the red hair. Anyway, he can tell rather good stories —and his songs!!

Reflector 1-2-3-4, Prom Committee 3-4, Dramatic Club 3-4, Debating Club 4, Ring Committee 3, Debating Team 2-3-4.

ELIZABETH FISH

"So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness."

Elizabeth is an all around good pal. We like her good nature, her witty quips, and that enviable "devil-may-care" attitude which accompanies her as she so calmly strolls through life.

Basketball 3-4, Prom Committee 4, Gym Exhibition 3, Honor Pupil.

MILDRED FLAGG

"'Careless is she with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected."

Millie is the most unique person in our class. Perhaps it was her manner or her resonant laughter which made us vote her as deserver of the title.

Dramatic Club 3-4, Debating Club 3.

JAMES FOSTER

"A man of hope and forward looking mind."

Jimmie is both a good speaker and a good writer. As assistant editor-in-chief of the Reflector he showed us that his literary talent was of no small account. Besides these attributes, we found that he is really a jolly sort.

Debating Club 3-4, Prom Committee 3-4, Reflector 3-4, Motto Committee, Class Day speaker, Debating Team 3-4.

ROSE GALLIO

"Life is real and Life is earnest."

Rose's beautiful hair is the envy of every girl in our class. She is always rather indifferent to her surroundings, but we know it is natural and not an affected pose.

ANNETTE GAUTHIER

"It's safer being meek than fierce."

Though Annette may appear rather quiet and detached at school, looks are deceiving. She is really lots of fun—ask anyone who saw her at the Medicine Show.

Prom Committee 3, Dramatic Club 4, Gym Exhibition 3.

MARGARET GIBBONS

"Constancy is the foundation of virtues."

Peggy's life seems to remain at the same, even tempo all the time. Her calm pose is never disturbed by ordinary occurences. Then add to this the fact that she is an honor pupil, which she accepts as a matter of course.

Dramatic Club 4.

EVERETT GLOVER

"The siren song of ambition fills my heart."

"Baldy," a nickname from the good old days when our class was young, looks rather shy and meek, but when given a chance to express himself, well—it's really quite surprising!

Prom Committee 3.

LEO GRAVEL

"Surely never did there live on earth a man of kindlier nature."

Leo has served capably and faithfully as our class president for four years. With such a remarkable high school record as his, we feel confident that all his future undertakings will be successful.

Class President 1-2-3-4, Debating Team 3-4, Orchestra 1-2-3, Senior Play 3-4, President of Debating Club 4, All committees 3-4.

GEORGE HALL

"Few men can afford to be angry."

For four years we have had a small but efficient class secretary. I might add that George is the ever cheerful senior member of that "select" math group whose heads are so often seen together in consultation.

Class Secretary 1-2-3-4, Prom Committee 3-4, Dramatic Club 3-4, Tennis Club, 3-4.

MARY HAMILTON

"A reasoning, self-sufficing thing."

If one did not do his lessons, all that would be necessary was to see Mary. She was always ready to help anyone. We know that success will be hers if she continues to practice this policy.

Dramatic Club 3-4, Tennis Club 3.

DOROTHY HARRIS

"And therefore does not stoop nor lie in wait,
For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state."

Conscientiousness is a distinctive feature of everything that Dorothy does, whether it be collecting ads or studying mathematics. We wish her the best of luck at Connecticut College and know that success will be hers.

Debating Club 3-4, President of Dramatic Club 4, President of Tennis Club 3, Ring Committee, Prom Committee 3-4, Honor Pupil, Class Day speaker, Manager of Girls' Basketball 3-4.

ELIZABETH HILL

"So much she talked, so very little said."

We nominate Betty to take the place of Zazu Pitts when the latter gives up her screen career. Although Betty talks a great deal, we can say nothing against it, for we all like to listen to her.

Prom Committee 3-4.

THOMAS HILL

"More childish valorous than manly wise."

If there was mischief, there, too, was Sam. He was always engaged in some sort of prank. However, he has a few earnest moments especially on the ballfield.

Baseball 2-3-4.

WILLIAM HOGAN

"The soft, unhappy sex."

The storied walls of M. H. S. seem to dampen Bill's lively spirit and cause us to call him bashful. I might add that his favorite sport, other than basketball, is exercising the jaws in English.

Baseball 3, Prom Committee 3-4, Basketball 2-3-4.

HAROLD JANNERY

"Young fellows will be young fellows."

Buster is another whose soul is filled with jollity; but then, he seems to chum with all happy people. We know that his disposition will always win him friends, and we certainly wish him success at Clark.

Prom Committee 3-4, Reflector 4, Manager of Baseball 4, Manager of Basketball 4, Class Day speaker.

ALICE JOHNSON

"She hath nothing done that doth not all."

Alice is not one who is satisfied to sit around idle. She is constantly doing something. Whatever she attempts, she always accomplishes and comes out on top. She is "jack of no trade and master of all."

Gym Exhibition 1, Reflector 3-4, Prom Committee 3-4, Invitation Committee 3-4, Senior Play 4, Honor Pupil, Graduation speaker, Editor-in-Chief of Aftermath.

ELFVA JOHNSON

"A woman beloved, a woman sweet."

I believe there is not one person in school who does not like "Evvie." She is always cheery, and that gay smile of hers—it does things to you. We wish her the best of luck, for she is deserving of it.

Gym Exhibition 3, Dramatic Club 3-4.

GENEVIEVE KERSULIS

"The secret of life is in art."

Genevieve is the presiding artistic genius of our class. Her work for the Reflector and all proms has been invaluable. We know she will succeed at Massachusetts Art School.

Reflector 1-2-3-4, Prom Committee 3-4.

MELVIN KOEHLER

"We're here, but I cannot fathom the reason why."

Melvin has assumed a rather indifferent attitude toward everything in life, except hunting and fishing, which are, he believes, the only worthwhile aims.

Prom Committee 3.

BEATRICE KUPCINSKAS

"Oh! What a crowded world one moment may contain!"

Bea just dotes on arguing and being different. However, that is only one side of her nature, for she is very likeable and her many friends serve as a proof of her good qualities.

Prom Committee 3-4, Basketball 3-4, Dramatic Club, Gym Exhibition 3.

PAUL LISK

"I value not the world a button."

We have reason to believe that "Polly" will surely get what he wants in this world, if through sheer physical force. However, no matter which way success comes to him, we wish him luck in obtaining it.

Prom Committee 3.

CASIMIR MARKUNIS

"Of all the plagues with which the world is curst,
Of every ill, a woman is the worst."

Though Casimir blushes and stammers when it comes to the women, he appears rather verbose in a group of male cronies. However, we know that sooner or later he, too, will change his mind.

Orchestra 1-2-3.

ALICE McARDLE

"Wearing her wisdom lightly."

Alice is rather mouse-like in school, but she has a hearty laugh which she frequently displays. By this means we know she is living up to the reputation of all plump people—that of being jolly.

Dramatic Club 4, Prom Committee 3-4.

MARION McGILL

"I will not descend to a world I despise."

People like Marion are extremely rare in our class. She has proved to be our one and only dignified senior, a distinctive mark which sets her apart from the rest of us.

Prom Committee 3-4, Motto Committee, Honor Student, Reflector 3-4.

ANNA McGRATH

"Whatever is worth doing at all
is worth doing well."

Anna intends to be a nurse and we know she'll be a fine one. Through the medium of her quiet ways and lovely smile, we know that she will win and retain many friends during her career.

Dramatic Club 3, Prom Committee 3-4.

ETHEL MICKELSON

"True humility, the highest virtue."

Ethel is a very submissive person, seldom saying anything, but always listening. She is sure to laugh appreciatively at other people's nonsense. We hope that some day soon she will find her tongue.

Prom Committee 3, Dramatic Club 3.

RICHARD MONTAGUE

"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
and confident tomorrows."

Dick is the sort of person upon whom one feels he can always depend. He has always been a good sport about everything, and we are proud to have him a member of our class. We wish him success at college.

Baseball 2, Basketball 2-3, Debating Team 2-4, Tennis Club 3-4, Debating Club 3-4, Senior Play 4, Prom Committee 3-4, Class Day speaker.

CECIL MURRAY

"And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place."

Though you'd never believe it, Cecil is quite the Don Juan. Surprising, but it's true. His noon hours are quite well filled talking with a certain Miss from his section of the town.

Prom Committee 3.

GLADYS PAINE

"Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain."

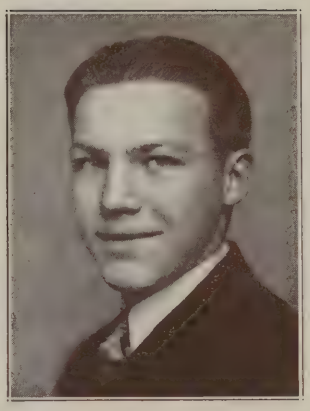
Gladys, believing that youth once gone is gone, seems to enjoy life at the utmost. Her special interests lie in romping with the underclassmen, or, in a more sophisticated manner, talking to the West Millbury boys.

Prom Committee 3.

FLORENCE PETERSON

"A Sweet attractive kind of grace."

This reserved, blue-eyed blond, known to all of us as "Flo," has been one of the many nice things about our class. She has a rather serious nature, but her lovely smile repays many times for her taciturnity.



LINCOLN RIVERS

"Just a word, in every thought sincere."

Did Link have a "break" this year—the only boy in the shorthand class—surrounded by women. I'll bet he learned plenty about them even though he did have occasion to blush many times. But we can't blame him for that, for we often forgot he was there.

Prom Committee 3.

CHESTER SHAW

"Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter,
Sermons and soda-water the day after."

Chester believes in living each day as it comes. He seems to enjoy himself immensely when he is surrounded by a group of women with whom he can chat, and he's very obliging when it comes to playing a tune for you.

Reflector 3, Baseball 1-2-3-4, Basketball 2-3-4, Prom Committee 3-4, Senior Play 3-4, Debating Club 4, Class Day speaker, Debating Team 4.

BENJAMIN SHILALE

"And even as he went some merry lay he sung."

Ben is also a newcomer to our class. He likes to have fun, and never seems to take anything very seriously, except baseball, in which field he certainly does exceptionally good work.

Baseball 3-4.

GEORGE STOWE

"Not a thought to be seen
On his steady brow and quiet mouth."

George is another member of the West Millbury gang; and not unlike the rest, the trials and tribulations of school life bother him not in the least.

Prom Committee 3.

DOROTHY TAYLOR

"Why, praise is satire in these sinful days!"

The volume of frankness that emanates from such a small person as Dorothy is surprising. Her idea is to tell you what she thinks. Though not of giant stature, she evinced herself a good basketball player.

Prom Committee 3-4, Basketball 3-4, Gym Exhibition 3-4.

CHARLES WHITTEN

"Prudent of speech, cautious, self-controlled."

We know that he is prudent of speech, because we have been in classes with him. We know that he is cautious because he appears afraid to express his opinions. And self-controlled—well, you should see him when he gets a calling-down!

Athletic Association 3.

GEORGE WILSON

"Why should there be such turmoil and such strife?"

Was there ever such a peaceful soul as George? He never seems to have a worry or a care. His violin, of which he expects to be a great master some day, is his only concern.

Orchestra 1-2-3.

PRIZE AWARDS

1930

Genevieve Kersulis .....First Prize Be Kind to Dumb Animals Contest.

1931

Genevieve Kersulis .....Best Banking Essay.
F. Peterson .....Third Prize Be Kind to Dumb Animals Contest.

1932

E. Fish .....Second Prize Typewriting.
H. Bacon .....First and Second Prize Typewriting.
O. Dalida .....Second Prize Shorthand.
H. Army .....Honorable Mention S. W. C. All Star Basketball Team.
R. Bruninghaus .....Voted Most Valuable Ball Player.
A. Johnson .....Third Prize Shorthand.
M. Davagian .....Third Prize Typewriting.
F. Peterson .....Third Prize Be Kind to Dumb Animals Contest.
G. Kersulis .....First Prize Be Kind to Dumb Animals Contest.

1933

E. Fish .....Second Prize Shorthand and Typewriting.
J. Beauregard .....First Prize Typewriting.
H. Army .....All Star Basketball S. W. C. L.
C. Shaw .....All Star Basketball Player S. W. C. L.
F. Peterson .....First Prize Be Kind to Dumb Animals Contest.
W. Blanchard .....Mathematics and Science Medal.
J. Foster .....Washington-Franklin Medal.
R. Montague .....Honorable Mention Washington-Franklin Medal.
J. Foster .....Hurd Essay Prize.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

LEO GRAVEL

Parents, Teachers, Classmates and Friends:

Father Time has moved faithfully on his way, and once more the day has arrived for the Seniors to present their Class Day exercises to you.

We take this opportunity to thank our parents for all they have done so that we might attend high school. Our thanks also go out to our understanding teachers who have so patiently helped us secure an education. We realize now what they have done for us.

It is our sincere desire that this afternoon's words will be taken in the same good spirit in which they are given—a fun-loving spirit, for you will remember that today is our day of play.

As president of the Class of 1933, I extend the heartiest welcome to all of you to these, our Class Day Exercises.

REMINISCENCES OF THE CLASS OF 1933

JAMES FOSTER

WITH the tones of graduation still ringing a joyful but nevertheless warning note in my ear, I boldly strode about the city in quest of new knowledge and adventure. In my wanderings I chanced to pass a shop displaying a familiar shingle, "Father Time's Book Shop." A huge placard was the predominating feature of the display. The words interested me greatly. "Announcing a History of the Class of 1933, Millbury High School." Could it be true? I dashed madly into the building and searched eagerly about for the keeper. My wild charge was retaliated by none other than old Father Time himself who inquired as to the whereabouts of the fire and also as to my mission in his shop. I informed him that there was no fire but his announcement card had brought the sudden storm into the bookshop. "Oh, that book is not yet printed," he said, "but you're of the class of '33. Stay awhile and tell me a bit about the gang. It may help me in writing the story."

I accepted his invitation and started my tale.

"First of all, Father Time, to be consistent with the age of my class, I am going to call you 'Pop.'

"My first remembrance of high school is way back in the summer of 1928. A crowd of eager students, after listening to words of wisdom and warning, filed past the superintendent of schools, Mr. Ferguson, each receiving a diploma. That day was the crowning of all expectations and aspirations for that day we stood on the threshold of high school. How different were those hopes and ambitions as we returned in September to their making or breaking!

"That, 'Pop,' is the introduction to your history. Now let's see what we can do with the first chapter of this four-part story.

"That same crowd of flaming youth is seated in that same hall but how different is the setting. The guiding hand of Mr. Pratt, which reached even into Junior High, did not grasp us for he had been called to his father's business a few months before. Our new principal, Mr. Shea, however, exercised a power just as stern and had us momentarily paralyzed. He informed us that we were freshmen and must mind our 'P's and Q's' or else 'P. M.'s.' We timidly went in search of our home room seats and by not knowing the number of the rooms, made ourselves a general nuisance for the first week. In a few months we became bold enough to conduct a class meeting and elect officers. Once by ourselves, words and ideas flew thick and fast. When the smoke of battle had finally cleared, Leo Gravel held the upper hand as president aided by Doris Lambert as vice-president, George Hall as secretary, and Harold Army as treasurer. A very forceful lecture on study and 'what not' inspired us to concentrate along educational lines. Being only freshmen, however, we could not avoid the effects of upper classmen who portrayed a perfect life in avoiding as much homework as possible.

"The simple minded first year men turned the tables when Mr. Beaton echoed the merry note of sports, for we provided good timber. Jake Army and Bill Hogan shot baskets for the Millbury quintet, while Bud Bruninghaus neatly trimmed the edges of the plate for the local nine.

"Our class was not represented in the senior play, but we all turned out to see 'Nothing But the Truth.' June rapidly descended upon us with the expectations of a bigger and better year. We were very well organized now and looked forward to big doings in 1931. In October, Miss Dorris Horne took over freshman and sophomore English when Miss Purce resigned.

"Thus, 'Pop,' the curtain falls on chapter I, and let me say it was a most happy one. Everyone looked forward to a great sophomore year.

"Experience had taught a number of us a grave lesson, namely an education is the product of '2% inspiration and 98% perspiration.' Consequently the majority were busy. The first honor roll acclaimed a large number of the class.

"The first event to bring the ability of our class to popular note was the splendid work of Bud Bruninghaus and Doris Lambert in the school play 'Be An Optimist.'

"The basketball season was opening and we loaned some ability to the production of a

near-companionship team,, Jake Army, Bill Hogan and Dick Montague aided Coach Beaton in fighting to a final defeat in a championship play-off against Northbridge. Mary Davagian and Marjorie Caplette helped Coach Sullivan in defeating Northbridge in a final encounter at Worcester.

"Mr. Shaw had succeeded in developing a championship debating team supported by Dick Montague and Chet Ethier of our class.

"Mid-year exams were not so hard this year for we had been working diligently for some months. They, however, failed to provide nourishment to any hunger for the honor roll on the part of the majority of many of the B students.

"Shortly after mid-years a class meeting was called to fill the office of vice-president left vacant by Doris Lambert, who had just moved from town. Mary Davagian, who for some unknown reason bears the nick-name Husky, was unanimously elected.

"The baseball season again was dawning on the spring horizon and we played a good part with enthusiasm. Bruninghaus continued his good work on the mound supported by Jake Army, Willard Blanchard, Harold Briddon, Tom Hill, Dick Montague and Russ LeClaire. The team was very successful and worked its way to the top of the league.

"It might be well to note at this time the alteration in faculty. Miss Cutts handled Spanish and freshman English; Miss Leavitt had the Commercial Department, and Mr. Neary managed chemistry.

"After another try at the honor roll we decided to call it 'quits' for our sophomore year. The half way mark in our high school career had found us a smaller but more capable class than entered two years ago.

"You see, 'Pop,' we were getting up in the world. The novelty of school had worn off and we were taking an interest in things. This is evidenced by the fact that although we were taking part in practically every school activity, the marks were higher than the preceding year on an average. Everyone was raring to go as the third year dawned.

"Thus begins chapter three.

"This year Miss Leavitt took over only the shorthand and typing classes, leaving the rest of the Commercial Department to Mr. Neary. Miss Grace Horne stepped into Mr. Neary's vacancy in the laboratory, teaching biology and science. Mr. George Higginbottom very capably handled chemistry, giving way to his brother, Arthur, the following year when he took a position elsewhere.

"Work was the commanding feature in September for the school had a reputation to keep up and it was also to the best advantage of the students involved. Studies were not the only attraction, as evidenced by the response to Mrs. Beaton's call for actors. We gladly donated Leo Gravel, Chet Ethier, Chet Shaw, and Bud Bruninghaus. These artists certainly proved that there was nothing slow about 'O Kay.'

"Mr. Beaton's plea for another first class basketball team summoned Jake Army, Billy Hogan, Chet Shaw and Dick Montague to aid many other proficient players. They enabled the Millbury basketeers to chalk up the league championship after a 'nip and tuck' season. The local five then went afield shooting for higher hoop honors. Bartlett, however, proved to have too much 'zip,' speed and class and the Millbury boys gracefully accepted the short end of the play-off. Coach Sullivan was unable to duplicate the victory mark staged by Coach Beaton. She spoke well for herself by putting on the floor a snappy team that showed all the earmarks of hard work and practice. No doubt six of the female athletes of '33 determined to some degree the success of the team.

"Mr. Beaton, dean of school sports, undertook the organization of a cross country team. Henry Coleman, one of our long striding classmates, proved to be the star of the outfit. The team brought a cup to the school.

"Mr. Shaw resolved that all honors did not come through sports and set to work on the debating team. After weeks of eager work the negative with Leo Gravel and James Foster turned back Leominster. Chet Ethier with the affirmative at Shrewsbury was also happy to announce victory. The laurels were finally lost to Spencer at Clark in a hard-fought battle.

"Mr. Beaton started his annual attack for the league ball crown, aided by the strong right arm of Bud Bruninghaus, the powerful bats of Jake Army, Chet Shaw and Hughie Eaton, and by Bill Blanchard, Billy Hogan and Tommy Hill giving valuable relief service. The whirlwind fourteen inning finish against Bartlett gave Millbury baseball supremacy again.

"The orchestra organized by Miss Connor in

'29 reached its climax this year with nineteen pieces, seven of which belonged to the class of '33.

"Literary talents were now realized among us for we had members represented in most of the Reflector departmnts.

"The most important event of the Junior year was, to be sure, the Prom. Dol Brissette and his orchestra were engaged for the dancing. The hall was very beautifully decorated and a large crowd of townsfolk were on deck to enjoy the evening. It is a good thing the dance came in June because teachers didn't expect any work. Who would on the last day of school? Report cards signed us off for another ten long weeks.

"Thus you see, 'Pop,' we had quite a junior class. This next chapter is the happiest but in many ways the saddest part of the book. The happiest because it gives us new worlds to conquer—the saddest because we are leaving old friends.

SENIOR YEAR

"September has rolled around again and with it a new realization—we are actually seniors! 'Pop,' I don't know what institutions you claim, but if you have never been a senior, you've missed one of the greatest thrills of your young life. We soon discovered there was work to be done, and according to the first honor roll, a number were spreading all sails and blowing toward the gay nineties.

"Shortly after the clanging of September bells and wandering freshmen had been put in their places, a call for actors echoed through the halls of the grand old institution and was most ambitiously answered. Of the multitudes who professed a knowledge of the art of acting Mrs. Beaton chose Leo Gravel, Chester Shaw, Richard Montague, Roy Bruninghaus, Olga Dalida and Alice Johnson of the senior class, supported by William O'Connell, Ruth Preston, Ruth Higginson, and Clara Mickelson of the junior. All who attended loudly proclaimed 'When a Feller Needs a Friend' an overwhelming success.

"Mr. Beaton's call for a basketball team was no idle note in the ears of senior boys. As a result we have the following lineup under Coach Beaton: Manager, H. Jannery; captain, H. Army; C. Shaw, W. Hogan, and H. Eaton. G. Hall attempted to add a senior touch to the second team. The boys fought their way through a most exciting season to third place. Mr. Beaton rewarded our support by issuing season tickets. We, in turn, tried to encourage the team on to victory through a cheering section.

"Basketball, however, was not the only thing commanding our interest. December reports found a good number of seniors swimming in the seventh heaven above the honor line of 85%.

"Mr. Shaw had meanwhile been very diligently at work with a debating team. Our class tried to make a name for itself in the field of oratory by donating Chet Shaw and Dick Montague to the negative and Leo Gravel, Chet Ethier and James Foster to the affirmative. Misfortune struck hard and we were unable to return the Clark Cup to the school. This is a busy time, for along with basketball, debating and lots of homework, they serve that freshman delicacy known as mid-year exams. The manner in which they are swallowed would lead one to the conclusion that we were in a school of gangsters and not seekers of an education. More than one heavy sigh of relief was issued at their conclusion.

"Probably the most thrilling and never-to be-forgotten event of the senior year, the prom, took place on February 28th. A large number of couples and some seniors gracefully drifted about the floor to the enchanting music of Hughie Connors' orchestra, while some undergraduates just stumbled around. Some of us did the same last year. In fact the prom was so mystifying to some that more than one person had to run hard to beat the milkman to the front door.

"The February report brought honors, and a list of more or less, mostly less, dignified seniors was posted. Mary Davagian led the big little parade and was followed by Olga Dalida, Marion McGill, Helen Bacon, Eizabeth Fish, Doris Adams, Margaret Gibbons, Mary Hamilton, Dorothy Harris, Alice Johnson and Willard Blanchard.

"The annual edition of the Millbury comic strip went to press as Mr. Brown of Worcester started to grind out senior pictures. Taking into consideration the subjects with which he

had to work, the results were astounding.

"A class meeting was called to elect Class Day speakers. After a close vote the following won blue ribbons: Prophet, Dorothy Harris; Giver of Gifts, Hugh Eaton; Last Will and Testament, Harold Jannery; Omissions and Corrections, Chester Shaw; Statistician, Richard Montague; Editor of Aftermath, Alice Johnson; Composer of Class Song, Josephine Beauregard, and Class Historian, James Foster.

"A number of parents have been calling the keeper at Sing Sing, requesting him to send for the pictures someone stole from the prison gallery. You see we were exchanging pictures and some insist on decorating the piano, mantel, dining-room table and all the conspicuous place of their dear old classmates."

WEARERS OF THE "M"

BOYS' ATHLETICS

Harold Army
Willard Blanchard
Roy Bruninghaus
Henry Coleman
Hugh Eaton
Thomas Hill
William Hogan
Harold Jannery
Chester Shaw
Benjamin Shilale

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Marjorie Caplette
Mary Davagian
Elizabeth Fish
Dorothy Harris
Beatrice Kupcinskas
Dorothy Taylor

DEBATING

Chester Ethier
Richard Montague

CLASS PROPHECY

DOROTHY HARRIS

THE clankity clank of the elevator and the roar of the motor vehicles amid numerous other traffic noises of the great metropolis of New York City mounted skyward to my office window and beyond. Ordinarily the noise and traffic did not confuse me, but today they grated upon my ears and nerves. The day was unusually hot and sultry for a spring day, and I leaned out my window hoping for a breath of fresh spring air. Suddenly my eyes sought the eastern horizon and my thoughts flew back to my little home town in central Massachusetts. The idea came to me that there is no better time than the present to gratify that long thought of wish, which was to return to my home town after an absence of twenty years.

Calling a taxi, I was driven quickly to Roosevelt Field where a plane was chartered to take me to Millbury. Imagine my surprise to observe the neatly uniformed pilot as none other than Thomas Hill, my old 1933 classmate. Taking off beautifully from the flying field, we entered the direct air line to Millbury and made a perfect landing at Whitten and Koehler Flying Field. I made a mental note of the air minded members of my class and determined then and there to see how many of my old classmates I could see while on my short trip home.

Waving aside a taxi, I walked along the highway toward the center of the town. I had not gone very far from the flying field when I came upon an imposing stone building surrounded by beautiful grounds. I paused at the entrance endeavoring to ascertain what it was; and while gazing wonderingly at the place, a tall, handsome, robust man of stately carriage, wearing black horn spectacles, his arms filled with books, walked toward me. With boldness acquired by associations of New York life, I accosted the man saying, "Pardon me, sir. What is this building?"

The man absently looking beyond me replied, "Millbury College of Liberal Arts, and I, madam, am Lisk, Professor of English."

In order to regain my equilibrium, I leaned heavily against a nearby tree; when suddenly a kindly voice fell upon my ear, and as if in a dream I heard these words, "Are you ill, friend?" and there standing before me, his arms also filled with books, was another man.

As my eyes hastily searched his face, I gasped, "Are you a professor?"

A smile of amusement, and yes, I am sure it was a bit condescending, came to the face of the man as he kindly replied, "Yes, my friend, I am Jannery, Professor of Latin." I gathered my scattered wits together, and grasped this opportunity to inquire for some of my former classmates.

It seemed that fate had decreed to assist me for just then a most attractive high powered motor car drove slowly past us. Keenly observing its occupants, I noted the rather pompous man sitting in the back seat had removed his hat to allow fresh spring breezes to gently rumple his hair of silver grey slightly tinged with red. "There goes Chester Ethier, Mayor of the City of Millbury," explained Harold. He noticed my amazement and continued to recall other faces of 1933. "You know, of course, that Leo Gravel is President of this College and Alma Anderson is instructor of voice?" I was so "struck dumb" that I had to nod in reply. This was indeed too much for me!

Athough Harold cordially invited me to visit the College, I pleaded lack of time, and continued on my way to the city. I slowly wandered along amazed at the many changes of the little old town. Coming nearer to the business center of Millbury, I observed a large department store and in one of the open windows I saw a young woman energetically demonstrating a new type of hairpin wrapped in cellophane. As I drew closer to the window, my first surmise proved to be correct for the demonstrator, Dorothy Taylor, was adeptly displaying her goods. I had unconsciously spoken her name and was pleased when she recognized me. We chatted for several moments and in the course of our conversation I was told that Beatrice Kupcinskas, now a sedate member of Congress, was industriously endeavoring to have the salaries of the Congressmen and Congresswomen reduced. "Remember Florence Peterson and Elfa Johnson?"

questioned Dot. "Well, for the past two years they have been missionaries in China." At that most opportune moment Dot spied a customer, and hastened to demonstrate her novelty.

On my way once more I came to a large square, flanked on all sides by tall pretentious buildings, which spoke decidedly of a prosperous commerce and industrial center. An unusual sign in a window caught my attention, and this is what I read: "James Foster's Agency for Personally Conducted Tours—Margaret Gibbons, Branch Manager."

The musical notes from a rapidly approaching car startled me. A young woman about to cross the street was the victim of my next question. "Who is that sporty looking fellow?"

The woman looked at me with an incredible expression, as she replied, "Do you mean to tell me that you do not know who that is!"

Rather shamefully I replied, "No."

"My! My! Such ignorance! Why that is Willard Blanchard, the inventor of that sensational baseball glove which never allows a player to drop the ball once it touches the smallest part of the 'mitt.'" With that as a parting word she darted across the street to a waiting bus, leaving me standing with my mouth agape in rather a stupid fashion.

Who will I see next, I mused as I sauntered along. The call of a newsboy announcing the first edition of the Millbury Daily prompted me to employ this medium to discover the fortune of other members of my class. Earnestly I perused the paper and there on the front page were the pictures of two distinguished looking gentlemen, both of whom were clad in the conventional garb of silk hat, cutaway and spats. The taller of the two, whose chin was covered by a Van Dyke beard, grasped a cane with an enormous gold head. Beneath the picture was written, "George Stowe and Cecil Murray, the internationally famous financiers, are attending a convention of bankers in New York City." Next the name of Roger Anderson, editor-in-chief of the largest paper in this city, caught my eye. Then, of course, being a woman, I hastened to examine the social page and discovered that Annette Gauthier was the reporter for the woman's page. In the last section the Adventures of Little Time, drawn by the clever artist, Genevieve Kersulis, afforded me quite a little amusement. "Well, well," I sighed as I absently folded the paper, "there are four more of my dear old classmates accounted for."

Just as I was about to throw the paper away, an advertisement which covered the entire lower half of the page caught my eye. "Eat at the Dainty Tea Room, Eleven Main Street." As of old, the thought of food made my stomach grumble. I asked a young man who was standing within a few feet of me to direct me to the "Dainty Tea Room." In a few minutes I arrived at my destination, and quietly entering the room, I stood for a few moments observing the new faces before me. Then, while endeavoring to find a table, a stunning woman attired in black graciously conducted me to a cool and inviting booth. There was something vaguely familiar about her face, and it finally dawned upon me that, though the figure before me had lost her wasp-like, athletic silhouette, it was indeed Marjorie Caplette in person. A pretty waitress brought me a menu card, and as I was really hungry, I quickly gave her my order. As she turned to leave the table, I detained her with this question, "Is Miss Caplette the owner of this place?"

"No, madam! She is only the head waitress. Miss Hamilton is the owner," was the answer.

Mechanically I turned the pages of a magazine while I waited for my lunch, and was literally stunned to see an article which bore the heading, "Fashionable Dresses by Markunis, The World's Greatest Stylist and Designer of Women's Apparel." And there before my eyes was a picture of a stylishly dressed man. "Who is it? Why, it is Casimir." Judging from his photograph, he had retained his light hair, but the dinky black moustache which covered his upper lip was shockingly funny. Oh yes! I almost forgot to mention the fact that he was wearing striped grey pants, spats and a faultlessly correct coat. The article also contained a picture of Gladys Paine, modelling Casimir's gowns. She certainly made a splendid mannequin!

Just then the magazine dropped to the floor, and opened to a page which disclosed these words: "In New York, Newport or in Europe, these creams have guarded my skin constantly since I was a girl," says the beautiful Mistresses Clark and White. I didn't wonder long who they were for under the four pictures on the page was written, "Mrs. Clark, the former Helen Bacon, before and after using the Beauregard and Gallio creams. The portrait of Mrs.

White, the former Doris Adams, told what benefits she had derived from the same cream.

When the waitress, who I had learned was Alice McArdle, brought my lunch; she, on noticing the magazine, referred me to the index. Scanning the page, my eyes were drawn to these lines: "How to hold a man's heart, by Elizabeth Hill." "My gracious!" I exclaimed, and unconsciously dropped my eyes to the next line. "The Technique of Marriage," by the well-known authority, Marion McGill.

I closed the book with a sigh and contented myself by satisfying my appetite. However, in the midst of my concentration, the shrill high-pitched voice of an occupant of a nearby table reached my ears. "My dear, he is perfectly marvelous. For five dollars she introduced me to the best looking man." Of course, such a remark aroused my curiosity and I lingered at my table to hear the next words of my neighbor. "Well, aren't you interested to know who runs the business?" Although I could not hear her companion's reply, the next words indicated her interest, "Yes, the name of the establishment is The Bureau for Bashful People, and my dear, you should see the man and woman who have charge of it. Mr. Chester Shaw conducts classes for bashful women and Miss Alice Johnson has charge of the men."

"Well, well," I mused, "so that is what they are doing; some day it will be interesting to call on them." And with that thought I paid my check and left the room.

As I hurried on to my hotel, a howling, screeching, mewing sound, fell harshly on my ears. The noise was frightful; there wasn't any place in old New York that could produce such terrifying sounds. Thoroughly alarmed I sought the direction of the noises, and saw two women pulling and tugging a small flame covered wagon heaped with cats and kittens of all size and color. With an involuntary exclamation and pressing my hands over my ears, I inquired of a passer-by and was kindly informed that the ladies pulling the wagon were Miss Olga Dalida and her assistant, Ethel Mickelson, who ran a home for stray cats and were just returning from their trip of collecting the poor creatures. I gazed with consternation at the sight, then blindly walked on.

Suddenly I found myself in front of my hotel, sauntered into the lobby and immediately felt calm and at home. Indeed, I thought for a moment I was in New York, and assuming the air of the old time New Yorker, walked over to the desk and nonchantly inquired, "May I have a room?"

"Yep, Dot, name your price," the familiar reply literally took me off my feet, and I quickly looked into the laughing face of the clerk, who was no other than Henry Coleman. After a brief chat, I checked my baggage and started once more on my adventures.

Now I pursued a course along a residential section of the city, and came upon boys distributing hand bills advertising "Buy Hogan's Gum. None better for the breath." Making a mental note that as soon as I could get to a drug store, I would buy a sample, I ambled along in peace.

Abstractly linking my thoughts with thirty years ago, I was almost knocked off my feet by a collision with a small boy who was heedlessly running toward me. My dignity entirely gone, I angrily grabbed him by the arm and gave vent to my opinion of little boys who ran into people by giving him a sound shaking. Cringing with fright at my words, he finally blurted, "I'll tell my mother on you." At the sound of his voice, I endeavored to recover my self control, but my subject had let out a shriek, "Mamma, she hit me!" I turned about to find the mother of the child quickly approaching, and I must say, she was "riled," for she began to heap upon me many words of reproach. Some how I managed to detract her for a moment by saying, "You remind me of Mildred Flagg."

"Well," she answered rather tersely, "that was my maiden name."

I quickly made myself known and earnestly tried to smooth over the incident of a few moments ago. Just as Mildred started to talk with me, she suddenly remembered a cake she had left in her oven which she had forgotten when she heard the cries of her son, and with a hasty explanation ran speedily toward her home.

Feeling a little weak in the knees from the experience I sought a place where I might buy something to refresh myself. Within a short distance a gigantic sign on which was written "Modern Beer Garden" caused me to head in that direction. I must have looked a fright, because my hat and hair were disarranged from the collision with the little boy. I

did not care; all I wanted to do was to sit down and recover my breath. The door leading to the garden was opened for me by a man in dress suit, whom I thought must surely be the proprietor. Leading me to a small table he left me in care of a waiter. As I was preoccupied with my surroundings, I did not realize until he had gone that the elegant young doorman was Lincoln Rivers. An orchestra partially concealed with palms and indoor shrubbery was the next object that my eyes sought. The leader, with a bow in one hand and a violin under his chin, was wildly gesturing to the orchestra; the orchestra, vainly trying to keep time with the leader's direction, was booming in a discordant fashion. My waiter, noticing how I was craning my neck to see the conductor, informed me that he was Mr. George Wilson. At that moment a genial voice called, "Everything all right, Madam?" Wondering who was questioning me, I at once turned around to find the owner of the voice to be Roy Bruninghaus. He was the same old boy, with the exception of his almost white hair and increased weight and size. Roy, talkative as always, told me that he was the owner of the Beer Garden and that he had two others, one in Philadelphia and the other in Boston, which were managed by George Hall and Everett Glover respectively.

Roy rambled on about his business and the success he had met with during the past twenty years, both of us of course marking time from our high school graduation. "By the way, we are having a banquet here next week in honor of the noted Archaeologist, Harold Army, who has just returned from Italy, where he has been digging up old remains. He uncovered a small village which was built in the time of Caesar. Jake has a passion for discovering anything pertaining to Latin. Won't you come? Elizabeth Fish and Florence Drumgool are going to be here for the first time in ten years. You know, of course, they are running a prosperous farm in Iowa?" Oh yes, Hugh Eaton is coming too from Kansas, where he is running a dude ranch." Regretfully I refused the invitation as it was absolutely necessary for me to be again at my business by that time.

An hour or two had slipped by since I had entered the Garden, and knowing that my time was limited I bade my host goodbye and meandered on my way.

Instead of choosing the same route back to my hotel, I returned by a 'round about way; and walking along, I slowly reviewed the many things I had learned that afternoon. Passing a hedge enclosure, I came to a quaint little gate, and there enscrolled in rustic letters were these words: "Home for Aged Women, Anna McGrath, Superintendent." As I peered over the hedge and saw several people, these words come to me from two dear white-haired old ladies. "There goes our dear nurse, Anna. Doesn't she look sweet this evening?" I almost broke my neck and other bones in my body in an attempt to see my old pal, Anna. My efforts were rewarded as she passed directly in my line of vision. She had changed a little, but I easily recognized her even though she had grown somewhat matronly.

With a contented sigh I continued on my way. On reaching the hotel I went straight to my room, dropped into a comfortable chair and turned on the radio, and gave myself up to complete relaxation, as my feet were burning and my bones aching. I was on the verge of sleep when the soothing voice of the announcer, Benjamin Shilale, aroused me momentarily. "Our program will now continue with the sweethearts of the air, Mary Davagian and Richard Montague, who will croon 'Why Do I Love You?'" Their sweet voices quickly lulled me to sleep—a quiet, comfortable sleep. It had been a long, hard day but not tiresome, for I had been successful in seeing or hearing about all of my former classmates, and the uneasy feeling which lured me from New York to Millbury had been satisfied.

CLASS STATISTICS

RICHARD MONTAGUE

DORIS MARY ADAMS
(Dot)

Age: That would be telling.
Favorite Pastime: Sitting in the parlor with him.
Favorite Expression: Ask Anna.
Favorite Song: I'll Follow You.
Future Intention: Astonish the movie directors.

ALMA NYE ANDERSON
(Andy)

Age: Trying out her legs.
Favorite Pastime: Studying at recess.
Favorite Expression: Raspberries!
Favorite Song: Any popular song.
Future Intention: To crash Hollywood.

ROGER ERNEST ANDERSON
(Roge)

Age: He still plays with the freshmen.
Favorite Pastime: Talking to the girls.
Favorite Expression: Do I know my math!
Favorite Song: Shuffle off to Buffalo.
Future Intention: To set the world on fire.

HAROLD CHAUNCEY ARMY
(Jake)

Age: Old enough to be a ladies' man.
Favorite Pastime: Behaving fifth period.
Favorite Expression: Want to borrow my Latin?
Favorite Song: How'm I Doing? Hey! Hey!
Future Intention: To be a Latin professor.

HELEN WHEELER BACON
(Charlie)

Age: She has a beau.
Favorite Pastime: Doing bookkeeping.
Favorite Expression: Make yourself absent!
Favorite Song: We Don't Want the Bacon, But All We Want Is a Piece of the Rhine.
Future Intention: To get her pictures back from those relatives.

JOSEPHINE ADELLA BEAUREGARD
(Josie)

Age: Unknown.
Favorite Pastime: Giving Miss Riordan a break.
Favorite Expression: Oh Yeah!
Favorite Song: Moanin' Low.
Future Intention: To elope.

WILLARD FRANCIS BLANCHARD
(Willie)

Age: You'd be surprised.
Favorite Pastime: Passing the Bramanville girls in his car.
Favorite Expression: Can you do this example (Math.)?
Favorite Song: We Just Couldn't Say Good-bye.
Future Intention: To be at the bottom of the class.

ROY WILLIAM BRUNINGHAUS
(Bud)

Age: Still in the cradle.
Favorite Pastime: Talking to Kay.
Favorite Expression: Bless my suspenders!
Favorite Song: The Night Was Dark and Stormy.
Future Intention: To teach Bing Crosby how to croon.

MARJORIE MABEL CAPLETTE
(Jerry)

Age: Three guesses.
Favorite Pastime: Keeping an eye on Chet.
Favorite Expression: What did you get on that chemistry test, Ethel?
Favorite Song: Good Night Sweetheart.
Future Intention: Play on a World's Championship Basketball Team.

HENRY ELWOOD COLEMAN
(Hennie)

Age: Age isn't measured by stature.
Favorite Pastime: Chasing the girls.
Favorite Expression: Oh Bea!
Favorite Song: Three's a Crowd! (After the Senior Prom).
Future Intention: To see life.

OLGA DALIDA
(Oggie)

Age: Five.
Favorite Pastime: Keeping silent.
Favorite Expression: No!
Favorite Song: I Got Rhythm!
Future Intention: To build a home for stray cats and dogs.

MARY DAVAGIAN
(Husky)

Age: She comes to school!
Favorite Pastime: Showing the muscle.
Favorite Expression: Are you kidding me?
Favorite Song: When Your Lover Has Gone.
Future Intention: Ask her other running mates.

FLORENCE THERESA DRUMGOOL
(Flossie)

Age: She wouldn't tell.
Favorite Pastime: Walking home from school.
Favorite Expression: For Goodness sakes!
Favorite Song: On the Beach With You.
Future Intention: To be a bathing beauty.

HUGH OLIVER EATON
(Hughie)

Age: We often wonder.
Favorite Pastime: Shooting paper-clips.
Favorite Expression: Blow me down!
Favorite Song: Me Minus You. (And can he sing it!)
Future Intention: To be a Clark man.

CHESTER ETHIER
(Sunny)

Age: Who cares?
Favorite Pastime: Watching the other fellow do it.
Favorite Expression: Really?
Favorite Song: The Desert Song.
Future Intention: Different every day.

ELIZABETH MARJORIE FISH
(Betty)

Age: Ask Alice.
Favorite Pastime: Keeping her other two pals out of mischief.
Favorite Expression: Did you see that look?
Favorite Song: Singing in the Bath Tub!
Future Intention: To learn to dance.

MILDRED EVELINA FLAGG
(Millie)

Age: It's hard to say.
Favorite Pastime: Thinking about him.
Favorite Expression: Oh Gee!
Favorite Song: My Hero.
Future Intention: She said she had a great many.

JAMES EVERETT FOSTER
(Wimpy)

Age: If he told, he might be put in kindergarten.
Favorite Pastime: Telling you what he thinks.
Favorite Expression: That isn't hard!
Favorite Song: Walking My Baby Back Home.
Future Intention: To be the President of the U. S. A

ROSE RUTH GALLIO
(Rosie)

Age: You can judge by appearance.
Favorite Pastime: Getting all the gossip from her pals.
Favorite Expression: That's a secret.
Favorite Song: The Black Bottom.
Future Intention: To join George White's Scandals.

ANNETTE LUCILLE GAUTHIER
(Annie)

Age: She plays with a rattle.
Favorite Pastime: Always talking to the boys.
Favorite Expression: No, sir!
Favorite Song: My Darling.
Future Intention: To nail him!

MARGARET MARY GIBBONS
(Maggie)

Age: Baby of the class.
Favorite Pastime: Expostulating on the masculine gender.
Favorite Expression: Oh, he's so nice!
Favorite Song: "Margie."
Future Intention: He's got that planned.

EVERETT DOW GLOVER
(Baldy)

Age: We should judge about three.
Favorite Pastime: Flirting with the girls in R. 5.
Favorite Expression: I couldn't do it.
Favorite Song: In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree.
Future Intention: To be an accordion grinder with a monkey.

LEO RAYMOND GRAVEL
(Roughouse)

Age: Ask her.
Favorite Pastime: Seeing his one and only.
Favorite Expression: What a man!
Favorite Song: "Joyce" So You'll Remember.
Future Intention: To put himself over in a big way.

GEORGE EDWARD HALL
(Zaza)

Age: Small but mighty.
Favorite Pastime: Ask Sadie.
Favorite Expression: Yeh.
Favorite Song: You're Getting to Be a Habit With Me. (Who?)
Future Intention: To bisect an atom.

MARY MARGARET HAMILTON
(Hammy)

Age: You never can tell.
Favorite Pastime: Doing her own work.
Favorite Expression: I know my stuff.
Favorite Song: Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary.
Future Intention: To crash the 400.

DOROTHY VIRGINIA HARRIS
(Dolly)

Age: She'll vote in ten years.
Favorite Pastime: Jazzin' around.
Favorite Expression: Oh dear!
Favorite Song: Bend Down Sister.
Future Intention: To excell in Math.

ELIZABETH FELICITAS HILL
(Betty)

Age: She brings dolls to school.
Favorite Pastime: Getting the gang in trouble 5th period.
Favorite Expression: Listen to this!
Favorite Song: Hillbilly Blues.
Future Intention: To have better death notices in the papers.

THOMAS JAMES HILL
(Sam)

Age: Don't judge by actions.
Favorite Pastime: Throwing erasers.
Favorite Expression: Scram!
Favorite Song: I've Got the World on a String.
Future Intention: To be Joan Crawford's gigolo.

WILLIAM ERNEST HOGAN
(Bill)

Age: Wal, I smoke.
Favorite Pastime: Goin' down to the depot.
Favorite Expression: He can't play basketball.
Favorite Song: Me and the Man in the Moon.
Future Intention: To meet some nice women!

HAROLD KENNETH JANNERY
(Buster)

Age: Don't embarass me.
Favorite Pastime: Talking to Olga.
Favorite Expression: Wait till Jake changes his seat.
Favorite Song: I'm Through With Love.
Future Intention: To be always true to her.

ALICE JOHNSON
(Al)

Age: It'll be sixteen from now on.
Favorite Pastime: Keepin' a sober face.
Favorite Expression: Hot-Cha!
Favorite Song: Tiger Rag.
Future Intention: Ask any drug store cowboy.

ELFVA JOHNSON
(Evvie)

Age: Looks are deceiving.
Favorite Pastime: Gigglin'.
Favorite Expression: You thrill me to tears.
Favorite Song. And Then He Held My Hand.
Future Intention: To vamp the boys.

GENEVIEVE DOLORES KERSULIS
(Jennie)

Age: One never knows!
Favorite Pastime: Teachin' Henry to dance.
Favorite Expression: Oh Kay!
Favorite Song: Is I in love? I Is.
Future Intention: To paint the sidewalks of New York.

MELVIN ROBERT KOEHLER
(Mal)

Age: They say he has a mind of his own.
Favorite Pastime: Coming to school.
Favorite Expression: See somethin' green?
Favorite Song: Laugh Clown Laugh.
Future Intention: To be a professional tramp.

BEATRICE MARGARET KUPCINSKAS
(Bea)

Age: She's been around for some time.
Favorite Pastime: Talking to the big man from the East.
Favorite Expression: Aw, you make me sick!
Favorite Song: Please!
Future Intention: To settle down in ten years.

PAUL JOHNSON LISK
(Paulie)

Age: You can't tell by his silence.
Favorite Pastime: Complying with Miss Riordan's wishes.
Favorite Expression: I left it at home—
Favorite Song: Was you dere Sharlie?
Future Intention: To be Miss Riordan's right-hand man.

CASIMIR MARKUNIS
(Casie)

Age: He understands Ballyhoo.
Favorite Pastime: Shaving every six months.
Favorite Expression: Did yuh see the latest Ballyhoo?
Favorite Song: Back On the Farm.
Future Intention: To play second fiddle for the Czar.

ALICE MARY McARDLE
(Mac)

Age: Don't be absurd.
Favorite Pastime: Breaking laboratory equipment.
Favorite Expression: She doesn't express herself.
Favorite Song: Alice Blue Gown.
Future Intention: That's her business.

MARION ELIZABETH McGILL
(Mae)

Age: Her actions aren't fooling us.
Favorite Pastime: Flirting with boys.
Favorite Expression: Don't call me Red!
Favorite Song: The Girl in the Little Green Hat.
Future Intention: To be a Helen of Troy.

ANNA HELEN McGRATH
(Ann)

Age: You can't imagine.
Favorite Pastime: Making herself heard after making a mistake.
Favorite Expression: Is my face red?
Favorite Song: The Queen Was in the Parlor. (So was?)
Future Intention: To be a nurse.

ETHEL MICKELSON
(Mickey)

Age: Your guess is as good as ours.
Favorite Pastime. Racing her sister to school.
Favorite Expression: You don't say!
Favorite Song: Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet.
Future Intention: To be a chemist.

RICHARD MONTAGUE

Age: Not as old as he looks.
Favorite Pastime: Finding favor in Marion's eyes.
Favorite Expression: Oh, Aunt Alice!
Favorite Song: The Flight of the Bumble Bee.
Future Intention: To be a second Jimmie Durante.

CECIL JAMES MURRAY
(Peg-leg)

Age: Old enough.
Favorite Pastime: Collecting girls' pictures.
Favorite Expression: I don't know.
Favorite Song: St. Louis Blues.
Future Intention: To become a farmer.

GLADYS ELIZABETH PAINE
(West Millbury)

Age: You never could guess.
Favorite Pastime: Writing on the black board in R. 21.
Favorite Expression: So's your old man!
Favorite Song: Was My Face Red?
Future Intention: To enter the holy bonds of matrimony.

FLORENCE PETERSON
(Flo)

Age: We could believe her.
Favorite Pastime: Eating.
Favorite Expression: Do you think so?
Favorite Song: Pal of My Cradle Days.
Future Intention: That's a secret.

LINCOLN KENNETH RIVERS
(Link)

Age: Old enough to keep away from women.
Favorite Pastime: Sweeping up M. H. S.
Favorite Expression: Not so hot.
Favorite Song: Linger a Little Longer (M. H. S.)
Future Intention: To rocket to the moon in his own ship.

MASON JOSEPH CHESTER SHAW
(Chet)

Age: If I said 21, I'd still be wrong.
Favorite Pastime: Too many to enumerate.
Favorite Expression: Listen while I play this one.
Favorite Song: I Love Me.
Future Intention: To be a great big he-man.

GEORGE BRIGHAM STOWE
(G. B.)

Age: He told me in such mournful numbers I didn't have the heart to write it.
Favorite Pastime: Driving the West Millbury gang.
Favorite Expression: My Word!
Favorite Song: Wait Till the Cows Come Home.
Future Intention: To see the world.

BENJAMIN JOHN SHILALE
(Ben)

Age: Ask Emma.
Favorite Pastime: Talking.
Favorite Expression: Got a Lucky Strike?
Favorite Song: I Can't Remember.
Future Intention: To join the Navy.

DOROTHY FRANCES TAYLOR
(Dot)

Age: Just about.
Favorite Pastime: Giving her jaws exercise!
Favorite Expression: I dont' want to.
Favorite Song: That Old Gang of Mine.
Future Intention: To teach people how to chew gum correctly.

GEORGE HENRY WILSON
(George Henry)

Age: Mites can't be beat.
Favorite Pastime: Showing Rubinoff how.
Favorite Expression: I thought that was right!
Favorite Song: I Love to Spend This Hour With You.
Future Intention: To lead Rubinoff's band.

CHARLES FRANCIS WHITTEN
(Oswald)

Age: Well, he was born in the 20th Century.
Favorite Pastime: Chasing around with "Pete."
Favorite Expression: "I'm the "butter and egg man" of the West.
Favorite Song: Stein Song.
Future Intention: To be engineer of the West Millbury limited.

OMISSIONS AND CORRECTIONS

CHESTER SHAW

On my trip around the world I decided to spend a few weeks in Russia, for this country had been a topic of much discussion during our days at dear old Millbury High.

I hired a guide to take me to the places of special interest, including the more important schools. The first one we visited was the Moscow Night School for Bolshevists. I was not greatly impressed by the circumstances. The teacher was very ordinary looking; horn-rimmed glasses protruded about ten inches from her face. Suddenly I heard a familiar voice say, "Kalicasockavitz, prove the corollary of theorem ten."

It then dawned on me that it was Dorothy Harris, and straightway I fainted. My first words, upon coming back to earth, were "How did you get here?"

She told me of her experiences since leaving school, adding that she always had a desire to do something for the abused Russians, and therefore she thought that teaching them Math was a good way of showing her sympathy.

CLASS GIFTS

We give to Gladys Paine,
A girl with fair complexion,
This pair of bright red earrings
To add to her collection.

To roguish Chester Shaw,
The "It" man of our class,
We give this flirty red-haired doll,
The likeness of a school-day lass.

To Chester Ethier,
The "man about town,"
We present this cane
Which is colored brown.

We present Miss Helen Bacon,
Who is Mr. Neary's great friend,
A tiny bookkeeping set
To remind her of him till the end.

We give to Jimmy Foster,
Who has a laugh so hearty,
A book of fancy jokes
So he'll be the life of every party.

We give to Henry Coleman,
Such a handsome Romeo,
This box of "Beatrice" air-tight eggs
And hope they'll make him grow.

To Marjorie Caplette,
Who lives in the "sticks,"
So she won't get lonesome,
We give these parlor tricks.

To Mary Davagian,
We present this little hoe
So she'll always be busy
In making peas and carrots grow.

To Marion McGill,
A flaming red-haired maid,
We give this bottle of henna,
So it will always keep its shade.

To Casimir Markunis,
Who from women steers clear,
We leave this little vamp
To aways bring him cheer.

To the vivacious Mildred Flagg,
Who thinks her 'Louis" is just grand,
We give this funny hand-shaker
To fool him when he takes her hand.

We give to Rose Gallio,
The flower of our class,
This geranium shaded lip-stick;
May she use it while it lasts.

To Hughie Eaton,
A wonderful man—
We give this nice perfume,
So he'll be a dapper Dan.

To the weak Florence Peterson,
Who always gets lost in a throng,
We give this bag of onions,
And hope they'll make her strong.

We give to Bud Bruninghaus
A razor blade of shiny hue.
Be sure to use it often, Bud,
It was specially made for you.

To Beatrice Kupcinskas,
Who's full of bright ideas,
We give this machine gun
To allay all her fears.

To Richard Montague,
With feet so small,
We give this pair of rubbers
To wear in the rainy fall.

To Charles Whitten,
A man who likes to toil,
So he'll be fit for his work,
We give this bottle of cod-liver oil.

To the janitor of our class,
The charming Lincoln Rivers,
We give this striped muffler
So he'll never have the shivers.

To Thomas Hill,
A boy who'd never smoke,
We give this package of "Wings."
Look out, Sam, and don't choke.

To Leo Gravel
Who talks childish prattle,
So he'll always be happy,
We give this blue rattle.

To Alma Anderson,
Who uses many pills,
We give this horse-shoe
To ward off her ills.

To George Wilson
We leave this straw hat.
When the beret wears thin,
You can substitute this for that.

To Benjamin Shilale,
Who's in a constant dilemma,
We leave this cupie doll
To remind him of his Emma.

To Cecil Murray
We leave these spats and a cane.
May he be the "Dapper Dan"
Without whom women cannot remain sane.

To Harold Army, a fun-loving lad,
We leave this tin monkey.
If you play with it, Jake,
We know you'll not be sad.

To Genevieve Kersulis,
An artist by name,
We give this brass medal.
May it lead you to fame.

To Annette Gauthier,
Who's too quiet we fear,
We leave this tin horn.
Blow it, Annette, so we'll know you're here.

To Margaret Gibbons, whose smiles are rare,
We leave this funny toy.
May it produce a grin or two
And even some to spare.

To Roger Anderson
We give this mechanical steed,
So he may race it at home
And check up on its speed.

To Alice McArdle, who is so sedate,
We give this box of "Pep."
It has done wonders, Alice, of late.
Watch out it doesn't give you a "rep."

To Olga Dalida, the girl with ambition,
And who will need some luck as well,
We give this rabbit foot.
Now I ask you, Olga, isn't it "swell"?

To Paul Lisk we leave this sabre.
If you follow the road you let at school
And brutal continue to be,
It might help you win a duel.

This picture of Miss Riordan,
Inclosed in a pretty frame,
We give to Josie Beauregard
To spur her on to fame.

To Buster Jannery
Who likes Oga rather well,
We give this diamond ring,
For a reason we'll not tell.

To frail George Hall,
Who's weight never gains,
We give this bag of spinach
To put iron in his veins.

To Elfva Johnson,
So sweet and shy,
We give this rope,
To help catch a "guy."

To Everett Glover,
The most bashful in the class,
We leave this book
On how "To Develop a Little Brass."

To Mary Hamilton,
We leave this stool.
If you climb upon it
You will more easily reach your goal.

To Dorothy Harris
So we'll hear a good report in the years to come
We leave this gun.
Don't shoot us, Dot, it's just in the spirit of fun.

To William Hogan, we leave this doll.
We know, Bill, it's only a fake.
But practice up on her
And give some of us girls a "break."

To Willard Blanchard
To start him on the road to fame
We leave this light.
May it brighten up his name.

THE AFTERMATH 1933

A basketball we leave to Florence Drumgool.
When you have left Millbury High School,
You may keep in trim
By just bouncing it through the rim.

This book we leave to George Stowe
To help him in his career.
It's entitled "How Cabbages Grow."
Consult it, George, each year.

To Anna McGrath,
Who, we know, will be a sweet nurse,
We leave this file of medicines
To carry in her purse.

To Ethel Mickelson,
Whose future to us is unknown,
We leave this cook book.
We know she can use it in some kind of a home.

To Doris Adams, we leave this comb
Enwrapped in a simple case
That she may use it when from home
If a hair should blow out of place.

To Elizabeth Fish
So jolly and gay,
We give a rubber ball
With which she can play.

To Melvin Koehler,
A hunter bold and brave,
We give this bebe gun.
You can send bears to their grave.

To Alice Johnson,
Who works so hard,
We give this man
To act as her guard.

To Betty Hill—
A girl who loves to talk—
To give her tongue a rest,
We present this box of chalk.

To Dorothy Taylor,
Who's stubborn as a mule,
We give this book on "geniality"
To use when she gets out of school.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

WE, the Senior Class of 1933, dignified, yet unsophisticated, having reached the zenith of intellectual integrity and being of sound mind and accurate memory, now endeavor to expound upon a few light facts—much to the joy of the still greatly bewildered undergraduated. This relaxation is to the effect of a last will and testament.

1. To the High School we leave a group picture of our class so that all future students can look up to us with pride.
2. To Mr. Shea we leave a book entitled "The Proper Way to Raise String Beans."
3. To Miss Donahue we leave a bottle of liquid polish with the sincere hope that she will use some of it on her Lizzie.
4. To Miss Riordan we leave a very helpful booklet entitled "The Proper Way to Drive a Car." We hope that she learns to keep on the right side of the road.
5. To Miss Grogan we leave the position of future manager of a certain laundry.
6. To the Horne sisters we leave a means of transportation that sounds less like a concrete mixer to carry them to and from school.
7. To Miss Leavitt we leave a hobby-horse so that she may take her riding lessons in absolute safety.
8. To Miss Cutts we leave a commutor's ticket to Boston which will ease the strain on the budget, we are sure.
9. To Mr. Ratigan we leave a group of very charming young ladies as his dancing partners at all future proms.
10. To Mr. Beaton we leave John Owen as a star on next year's basketball team.
11. To Mr. Shaw we leave a special permit to fish in the Gulf Stream any time he so desires.
12. To Mr. Neary we leave a stack of dictionaries so that he can amuse himself by giving ten pages a night to all his negligent pupils.
13. To Mr. Higginbottom we leave a bottle of wave-set to keep that wave in his hair.
14. To Walter Taylor we leave a large-sized bottle of cod liver oil to help him develop into a second Primo Carnera.
15. To John Brady we leave a permanent place in Margaret Murray's heart.
16. To Gerald Roberts we leave the honor of representing the high school in the 100, 220, and 440 yard dashes.
17. To Francis Bertrand and Frances Halley we leave a bicycle built for two.
18. To Andrew Stewart we leave Lottie Stockwell as a dancing partner.
19. To Willard Taft we leave Olga Berg to spur him on to greater things in athletics.
20. To John Church we leave another new car so he can take the girls riding.
21. To Catherine Lucas we leave Roy Bruninghaus's seat in Room 21.
22. To David Turpin we leave fifty more young chickens with the sincere hope that he will raise a champion from among them.
23. To Evelyn Hughes we leave a pair of overalls so that she can help Turpin take care of his chickens.
24. To Ruth Higginson we leave Harold Hayward to make up for the loss of a certain athlete.
25. To Harry Anderson we leave instructions on pitching and hope that he will soon be another "Lefty" Grove.
26. To Fred Delida we give permission to write a book revealing his method of always keeping the girls at a safe distance.
27. To Elvira Paletta we leave a Latin book entitled Virgil so that she can study to her heart's desire during the summer vacation.
28. To Gerald Army we leave another successful term as bench warmer on the "West Millbury Limited."

29. To Mary McGrath we leave our sincere desire that some day before next September she will come to the sudden realization that she is over twelve.

30. To Francis Marcell we leave Catherine Pierce to assist him with his English.

31. To Anna Jacobson we leave a position singing tenor for Swen Swenson and his band of sweethearts during the summer vacation.

32. To Edward King we leave a forty passenger bus so that he will be able to pick up all the Bramanville "scholars" on his way from Sutton.

33. To Victor Hofbauer we leave a new bag of tricks so that he will be the successor to Chandu, the Magician.

34. To Lois Hopkins we leave a set of automatic windshield-wipers for her eye-glasses.

35. To Annette Fontaine we leave a special pass to the "Venture Garden" so that she can dance to her heart's desire.

36. To Earl Vickery we leave a position as Ambassador to France because of his extraordinary ability to speak the French language well.

37. To Margaret Little we leave some greater fields to conquer in English.

38. To Harold Briddon we leave the difficult task of keeping Francis Bertrand out of mischief.

39. To Dorothy Platts we leave the custody of the "Buck's Village" gang.

40. To Robert Turner we leave the title of the "Art Shires" of Millbury High School's baseball team.

41. To Winifred Carter we leave the hard but pleasing task to see that John O'Connell keeps in the "pink."

42. To Richard Kenary and Leonard Laime we leave positions as tumblers with Singer's Midgets as soon as they graduate from high school.

43. To William Molis we leave the hard task of filling Henry Coleman's shoes on the cross-country team.

44. To Blanche Caplette we leave our best wishes to help her in her quest to succeed Marie Dressler in Hollywood.

45. To Paul Lacouture we leave a map of the city so that he won't get lost every time he turns off Main Street.

46. To Katherine Capistrom we leave a book entitled "How to Play a Guard Position in Basketball." We sincerely hope that it may be helpful to her.

47. To Leonard Koehler we leave our permission to write a book entitled "The Proper Way to Pick up a Skunk."

48. To John Sibilio we leave an old Model "T" Ford so that he can take it apart and put it together again and thereby can "truly" classify himself as a mechanic at the Ford garage.

49. To Veronica Ballard we leave a new pair of roller skates so that she can go roller-skating with the "kids" every night after school as she has been doing all year.

50. To William Hamilton we leave a bottle of Van Camp's guaranteed freckle remover.

51. To Richard Stowe and Herbert Davidson we leave a book on "How the Game of Baseball Should Be Played" and our best wishes for their future success in this sport.

52. To Genevieve O'Connor we leave the difficult task of filling Marjorie Caplette's shoes as a forward on the girls' basketball team.

53. To Herbert MacLaren we leave a brand new "line" to hand to his host of feminine admirers.

54. To Edith Rowe we leave the task of filling the other forward position teaming up with Genevieve O'Connor.

55. To Stanley McCrea we leave Rosalie Paine to keep him company in room 21.

56. To Anita Gibson and Margaret Hill we leave a Latin book written in English to save them the great amount of trouble that they have in translating Latin.

57. To Bernard Ducharme we leave Alice Nelson to play tennis with him every day during the summer.

58. To Alice Wissell we leave detailed instructions on the quickest methods of reducing weight.

59. To Gabriel St. George we leave our best wishes to help her along in her quest to succeed Kate Smith.

60. To William O'Connell we leave a jar of Pond's face cream so that he will retain that schoolgirl complexion.

61. To John Meskenes we leave the job of filling Chester Ethier's shoes as the "Man About Town."

62. To Robert Carr we leave a car that has a self-starter so that he won't run any more risks trying to crank it.

63. To Lester Vielle we leave a book entitled "How to Be a Great Actor" so that he may reach that distant goal toward which he has been so valiantly striving.

We hereby appoint Harold "Jake" Army as executor of this, our last will and testament. We do not require said executor to produce any bonds in order to execute the said decree.

We trust and hope that the heirs mentioned will be duly satisfied and that there will be no contesting of the doubtful privileges bequeathed to one in preference to another.

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the departing class of M. H. S., as their last will and testament, in the year of our Lord, 1933, on Monday, the nineteenth day of June. May we all meet again.

Signed by all present.

Witnesses:

Eunice P. Stalebread

Alphonse O. Soarfeet

Tracy Yoremapp

By the hand of their Clerk,

HAROLD "BUSTER" JANNERY.

THE MILLBURY ACADEMY

MARY DAVAGIAN

MILLBURY ACADEMY, an educational institution with which most of us are unfamiliar, had its relatively short existence during the middle part of the nineteenth century. Perhaps the brief life of this educational center accounts for our knowing little or nothing about it, but despite that, the Millbury Academy did something towards the advancement of education in our community. It is interesting to note that several important names are connected with this project. Tribute should be paid to the valiant efforts of the men and women of that period for their unremitting struggle to establish this institution. Their toils, however, did not go unrewarded, for the Millbury Academy, history relates, performed its duty creditably and faithfully.

One man who played an unquestionably prominent part in the establishing of this school was Asa Waters, one of the largest land owners in the county. On June 9, 1832, he donated the site for the Academy building at the northwest corner of Elm and Waters street, which, at the present time, is the location of the Millbury High School.

Upon receiving the charter from Mr. Waters, the people of the community began to raise subscription money for the building, and it took an amazingly short time to accumulate the desired amount. Ex-Gov. John Davis remarked several times that he was astonished that the people of Millbury could raise funds sufficient for such an undertaking for, you must remember, there was a population of only 1611 at that time. Incidentally, Mr. Davis was a member of the Board of Trustees, while the remaining members included Judge L. Sibley and the Rev. H. A. Tracy, both of Sutton, Dr. Bardwell of Oxford, the Rev. Elisha Rockwood of Westborough, Asa H. Waters and Henry Mills, both of Millbury, Mr. Waters being secretary of the Board. However, the most distinguished of the group was Ex-Gov. John Davis, commonly called "Honest John." He was a member of Congress and the colleague of Daniel Webster. Although he was burdened with public duties, he never failed to attend the meetings of the Board of Trustees at Millbury. He played an important part in preparing the Academy for public use, for he drew up the by-laws of the corporation as well as the rules and regulations of the school.

Under the excellent guidance of the Board of Trustees, the Academy building was erected at the cost of forty-five hundred dollars. On its completion, the school was publicly dedicated with the usual attendant ceremony. A tremendous audience had gathered and all available space was used for accommodating outsiders. During the afternoon, exercises were held at the Second Congregational Church on Main Street, and a speech was delivered by Judge Merrick, followed by music and a banquet in the evening.

Now that the Academy had been erected and appropriately dedicated, a difficult task confronted the school board—that is, the selection of teachers. Care had to be taken in this direction, for the prestige of the school depended upon choosing a corps of capable instructors. Finally, after much consideration, Mr. William Hall from Dartmouth was chosen as preceptor and as preceptress, Miss Charlotte O. Spooner from the famous seminary of Mrs. Willard at Troy, New York.

From the opening, Millbury Academy attracted many pupils, in fact, so many that an extra boarding house had to be provided for their accommodation. Perhaps the reason for this was that the only schools of this type in the county were at Uxbridge, Dudley, Leicester, Westminster, and Lancaster. Students came from New York, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Vermont as well as from the neighboring towns. The attendance for the first year was ninety-one pupils, and the enrollment kept increasing gradually.

The majority of the graduates had successful careers and it would be imposible for me to enumerate them all, but one man who became internationally famous was Horace Maynard. He was born in Westborough and attended the

Millbury Academy with financial difficulty, for he was merely a farmer's son. While a student here, he attracted the attention of Rev. Dr. Dana, who was principal at this time. Thus under the careful supervision of Rev. Dr. Dana, Horace Maynard was prepared for Amherst College. From this institution he was graduated with the highest honors, and after continued success he finally secured the enviable position of Postmaster General under President Hayes.

Mr. A. P. Stone, who was the last principal of the Academy, was also known as the foremost educator in the Commonwealth.

Among the societies of this school, there was an interesting organization known as "The Society of Social Friends," composed of the teachers and the pupils. This society owned a library consisting of six hundred volumes. On April 1864 it was decided to give these volumes to the town of Millbury for the purpose of founding a free public library, and of course the town gladly accepted. One can readily see how the Millbury Public Library can date its beginning to the generous offer of the Millbury Academy.

Unfortunately, as time went on, new teachers were employed who did not meet the favor of the students, and as a result the registering of outside pupils showed a decided decline. The Academy began to lose its prestige and in 1851 it had to close its doors.

At this juncture the corporation decided to sell the property and it passed into the hands of a manufacturer, who proposed to convert the buildings into a block of tenements. In this attempt, however, he was frustrated by a provision which the donor of the land had inserted in the deed. The purchaser neglected to secure a clear title by the payment of $500 as provided in the gift referred to, consequently he found himself obliged to support either an Academy or a high school or to lose his property. Thus matters stood at a standstill until the manufacturer agreed to sell the land to the town in 1852. On receiving the property, the town of Millbury promptly made it into a free public school.

Because the Academy experienced such a brief existence, it may be regarded by some as a total failure but its importance cannot be gauged so narrowly. In ascending a ladder, the round we have just passed may no longer be necessary in our upward climb, yet it was indispensible. The Millbury Academy also served its purpose, for it laid a foundation for the better educational system which we now enjoy.

THE POSITION OF THE AMERICAN WOMAN—YESTERDAY AND TODAY

HELEN W. BACON

IN view of the lowly esteem in which woman has been held for ages, her position in America today is worthy of considerable attention, for there is scarcely a branch of industry in which she is not advantageously employed. The complete change which she has undergone has been one of slow growth and it is only by her own tireless efforts that she has freed herself from the limitations which convention imposed upon her. Let us consider in retrospect the phenomenal strides made by woman in America since 1620.

As far back as the days of the Pilgrims we find that woman's duties were of a purely domestic nature. Her morning hours were devoted to house-cleaning and out-of-door chores. Spinning, weaving, mending, and plans for the evening meal occupied her thoughts during the afternoon, while her evenings were spent by the fireside listening to a member of the family read from one of his much-valued storybooks until the hour of retirement.

Women continued to lead this uneventful life until 1743. By this time, the initial drudgery connected with the settling of new colonies had been eliminated to some extent. Homes had been enlarged, towns established, and the means of communication improved. Even grammar schools and colleges had been erected by religious bodies, but the necessity of education for women was still a nonentity. They were expected to remain at home and learn how to sew, cook, and keep house, or in families which could afford it the girls might have private lessons in painting, French, and dancing. They occupied their leisure time in organizing sewing clubs, having church socials, and conducting dances at the various homes.

As the population in the various towns increased, the complex commercial life that asserted itself brought about a demand for women workers. Heretofore, her activities had been confined to the home, but in 1836 there were open to women breadwinners six occupations: teaching, millinery, sewing, tailoring, factory labor and domestic service. Not only the revolution in manufacturing, but also woman's intense desire for independence greatly modified her condition. Stimulated by outside contacts, she acquired a greater hunger for the learning that she had been denied.

However, public opinion in the past had bitterly opposed the general education of women and we can observe from time immemorial the resentment of people to the intrusion of innovation. Thus, collegiate and university courses were closed to the women, but not many years passed before they were extended the same educational privileges as men.

If the general education of women was frowned upon, her pursuit of any special training met with even greater antagonism. To cite an example, we have Elizabeth Blackwell, the first woman to receive a medical diploma in the United States. She was forced to apply to many colleges before finally gaining admittance in 1846 to the Geneva College of New York. Her two years devoted to study here were extremely unpleasant, for no one would make her acquaintance, until it was definitely known that she was to receive her diploma. Then she was fêted and people clamored for her recognition. The New York Infirmary for Women and Children is the result of Elizabeth Blackwell's philanthropic labors.

Following the example of their pioneer sisters, the young women of the middle and late nineteenth century were eager to open up new avenues of interest and thought. Their increased education provided for them positions previously unheard of and we observe women entering the fields of law, medicine, literature, journalism and business. As clerks in the federal, state and municipal government, women became extremely interested in politics. Coming in daily contact with the government officials, they soon learned how the business of the state was conducted and were capable of discussing the affairs of the country intelligently. Because of this ability to understand, many women believed they should be given the right to vote. About 1848, women suffrage clubs were organized and the members labored unceasingly for several years to convert others to their

way of thinking. Finally a law was passed granting women the right to vote.

In 1920, having secured suffrage, women made such remarkable progress in the field of politics that now a woman governor is not a phenomenon. Some occupy seats in Congress and for the first time in the history of America, a member of the President's cabinet is a woman. How far they will advance and what future positions they may hold is yet to be seen.

Thus we may conclude that women have never been inferior, or unimportant in the history of this country, for even though man discovered our land, women have made it habitable. No colony ever succeeded in establishing itself permanently until the women came to make homes, because the well-being of these homes made more stable the well-being of the state. The American women who inherit the love of independence and brilliancy have proved their ability in all lines of endeavor but those who lead quiet, uneventful lives must not go unrecognized. It is they who are preserving the dignity of domestic life and labor. The woman whose nature combines wisdom, judgment, practical genius, and a winning lovableness, glorifies every relation of life and when tried, she will never be found wanting.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF LEISURE TIME

ALICE JOHNSON

WITHIN the past few decades, great material changes have wrought a new uplift and a new freedom for the working people of the world. Universal education; the reduction of diseases through medical research and the teaching of health laws; the new status of woman: the improvement of factory management, including a shorter working day, and invention which speeded production, introduced labor-saving devices, brought comfort, even luxury —all these have been contributing factors in producing for mankind the great gift of leisure. And now that man has won his long-sought prize, he must decide how it will be used advantageously.

In the first place, leisure should be individualized. Man's activities, during that time when he is free to do as desire or interest dictates, have already become faddistic. It may be quite fashionable to play a certain game which has ensnared everyone, such as the jig-saw puzzle rage which ran its course a short time ago. Man has no sooner begun to enjoy occupying idle moments in this manner, than the style changes, and he is bereft of enjoyment until another passing fancy engages his attention. An individual does not have to spend his spare time in a certain way merely because everyone else does. He should adapt his diversion to his own character, to his wants, to his interests and to his environment. But most important of all, he should plan to use his leisure constructively. It may be utilized entirely in searching for knowledge, beauty, health, and happiness. Employing free hours for ennobling one's work gives it an additional value. It is a deplorable state of affairs when a man makes no use of his leisure or at best, a poor one. Facilities abound everywhere for making idle moments worthwhile. The belief that the use of all leisure must be confined to the things which boast of aesthetic and cultural value is entirely unfounded. If a man chooses to pursue subjects of such a nature he may, but one is not obligated to select any such subject.

There are laws which provide for the child's disposal of leisure, but with the adult it is entirely a matter of choice. The wise man is the one who will choose a hobby which affords a gratifying enjoyment, satisfaction, and power, as well as one that offers diversion and relaxation. A hobby is something that man is interested in for his own sake. It is an outlet for his energies, a change from routine. Winston Churchill builds stone walls around his estate at Chartwell Manor—King George of England collects stamps—Helen Wills Moody lays aside her tennis racquet for the paint brush. These people do not do these things because they have time to waste, nor do they neglect their work. As a matter of fact, their regular work is done more efficiently because a diversion provides rest and relief from the work which normally occupies the mind and the hands.

The average person has one or more hobbies serving as a means to while away spare hours. Although athletics usually fill up the time of youth, many older people still derive much pleasure from participation in baseball and football. Tennis is an ever-popular sport indulged in by young and old. Then there are the winter sports, such as, sliding, skiing, skating, snowshoeing and tobogganning which will always find favor in the eyes of anyone who likes sports. The business executive may find relaxation from a tiring day at the office through the medium of golf. The bench and lathe may provide a source of variation in the evening for the man who likes handicraft. The stenographer, after feeding her soul on shorthand notes, business letters, and the noise of the typewriter keys during the day, may read plays, books or poetry. The housewife may play bridge in the afternoon or she may sew, embroider or hook rugs. The teacher may enjoy caring for a vegetable or flower garden. Perhaps he may delight in raising shrubs. He may also be interested in creating new and different plants by cross-pollination. For the gardener, whether it be a little back-yard plot in the city suburbs, or the acre in the country, it is a source of constant pleasure. Some people like game hunting; others like to have a target for their aim. Others like to hunt with

the camera. Some are interested in collections of insects. Botany and ornithology prove worthwhile to ordinary people, as well as to the biologist. Then there is drama, music, writing, painting, sketching, musical instruction, the study of foreign languages, the lives of great masters in literature, biography, civic work, as Camp Fire Girls, Girl Scouts or Boy Scouts. Among the more active outdoor recreations, there are hiking, sailing, horseback riding, and bicycle riding, equally pleasant for girls and boys. Of late years, the radio has also played a relatively important part in the usage of leisure.

Leisure, that magic word meaning free time, is an excellent opportunity for enriching one's life. It may be a physical rejuvenation, or it may be an airing of the mental chambers, but at any rate, its sole aim should be an inspiring one and should point toward the direction of self-improvement.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA

OLGA DALIDA

THE CHINESE are a people of many mysteries; their very lives are built on superstitions. From the earliest times, the curse of China has been the fear of evil spirits. Practically all the conditions surrounding them were thought to have been brought about by some good or evil influence. All the arts and sciences were supposed to be controlled by a sprite and even the literary men were allowed to write only on certain subjects and in a certain style.

This belief in the presence of spirits made both the rich and poor Chinese over-cautious. To ward off all evil forces, charms were made and monuments were erected. One of the most famous memorials to the superstition of this nation is the Great Wall of China. Opinions as to the purpose underlying the building of this massive structure, vary greatly. It is said that the wall was built for protection against the marauding bands of Tartars who came from the northeastern part of Asia to plunder the property of those in the richer lowlands. Other authorities say that, although this may be a good reason for constructing the wall, superstition played an important part in its erection. Emperor Shih Hwang Ti, the man who first started the construction, was said to have been an extremely superstitious person. His ignorance, his belief in spirits and his fear of the marauders prompted him to undertake this gigantic task. By building a large serpentine wall, he thought he could frighten away all spiritual beings. It is said that in the building of this barrier, the Emperor was persistent to the point of cruelty. He may have been the promoter of this magnificent structure but he was a relentless tyrant whose name was cursed many a time by the descendants of those who felt the firmness of his will. When a worker would drop from sheer exhaustion, this heartless monarch would order his body to be entombed in the wall. Knowing the methods employed by Shih Hwang Ti, we can easily understand why this fortification has been called a wall of blood.

The Great Wall of China was begun about 228 B. C. It was made by Emperor Shih Hwang Ti's subjects with materials of the simplest nature, earth and stone. Clay was used to hold these materials together and a coating of bricks was added to give the wall a smoother finish and to make it much more enduring. The structure is from 25 to 30 feet in height and from 15 to 20 feet in width. Between the parapets and watch towers that line both sides of the wall, there is a passage on which two or three cars can run abreast. When this barrier was built, it was made so that it would follow the natural contours of the earth, and it can be seen to go down into valleys and up over very high mountains. The serpent-like structure stretches over many miles, and, if it were placed in America, it would cover the territory from Philadelphia to Kansas City, a distance of some 1800 miles. The Emperor did not see the whole wall as it stands today, but he did live to see some 344 miles of it completed. Additions and repairs were made in the years which followed. Some of the places, we are told, that needed reconstruction were left untouched because of some legend connected with them. A very interesting tale is told about a particular superstition.

It seems that a young prince who was engaged in the construction of this wall suddenly disappeared one day. His wife, a beautiful young woman who loved her husband devotedly, became uneasy when she had had no news and started out in search of him. She was just on the verge of giving up her quest in despair, when a little sprite appeared and said, "Cut your hand and follow the drops of blood that will flow from your heart." The girl gashed her hand with a stone and followed the drops of blood until she came to a spot in the wall where she found the object of her desire. Her dead husband was lying in an opening that had been made by some miraculous force in this immense wall. This story, whether authentic or legendary, prevented the superstitious Chinese from repairing this spot and later when a road had to be constructed it cut through the wall at this point.

It is sometimes thought that this wall was erected as a religious monument. Such a statement you may weigh rather carefully, but this structure built by the Chinese is no more subject to question than the beautiful edifices

which we Christians have consecrated to religion. Westminster Abbey, the Westminster Cathedral and St. Paul's are among the most obvious features in London. The obelisks of Egypt and the tower of Babel are places of worship that are renowned the world over. And so, the Great Wall of China may have been erected as a monument to their religious faith.

The Great Wall of China is the largest piece of architecture in the world and were there any inhabitants on the moon they might see it as a welt across the face of the earth. If we should look at this architectural masterpiece by starlight or moonlight, or look upon it in twilight or sunlight, or view it through the haze of a fog or snow storm, we would see the wall as a great gaunt spectre of the past. It is so large that if all the materials used in constructing it were placed around the world at the equator they would make a wall eight feet high and three feet thick.

The Wall of China separates two epochs, the age of myth from the age of fact; two lands, the cold northern land that might tempt the miner from the warm sunnier land of the south that would appeal to the agriculturist; and two races, the white race to the north from the yellow race to the south. The business of the world will be transacted in the language of one or the other but Christianity may yet be the heritage of both. Christianity is a potent force, the complete effects of which have not yet reached the Chinese. However, with the adoption of the universal religion, we cannot estimate what progress China will make. The Wall is the sign of separation; the Cross, a sign of union. The one is the greatest monument of human industry; the other of divine love. The one, though obsolete, has a noble history; the other has its noblest triumphs yet to come, though already it commemorates the greatest sacrifice of all ages.

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ASSISTANT EDITORS
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THE REFLECTOR

ALICE JOHNSON

Our literary talents may have been latent in our freshman year, but not so in regard to artistic capabilities, for we are proud to have been represented on the Reflector staff by Genevieve Kersulis during the four years of our sojourn in Millbury High School. As sophomores, our part in the destiny of the Reflector was relatively unimportant. It seemed that the upper classmen could still dispense with our aid. We gained a fair amount of prestige, however, when we were juniors, for several members of our class were elected to the staff, thus giving us at last a chance to prove our worth. In the senior year of our school days, the fate of the Reflector, under the able guidance of Miss Riordan, was in our hands. But not wishing to have it solely a senior paper, we asked for contributions from the other classes. In response to our call, they generously gave literature and poetry which added to the already good quality of the magazine.

We would deem the Reflector's second year as a printed publication wholly successful, and hope that we have nobly, and in a manner befitting the great honor, carried on the work that was entrusted to our care.

We extend to Miss Riordan our heartiest thanks for the assistance that she has rendered us, and hope that the Reflector will continue to be a successful magazine throughout the years to come.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Coach: Miss Jane Sullivan Manager: Miss Dorothy Harris

Captain: Miss Mary Davagian

Marjorie Caplette	Katherine Capistron	Dorothy Taylor
Dorothy Platts	Antoinette Bleau	Jeanette Foster
Elizabeth Fish	Beatrice Kupcinskas	Anita Gibson

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

DOROTHY HARRIS

The Class of 1933 immediately upon its entrance in Millbury High School showed a remarkable interest in the field of sports.

As freshmen we were represented in basketball by Marjorie Caplette, Mary Davagian, and Dorothy Taylor.

Our sophomore year found us more than anxious to answer the call of Miss Jane Sullivan, Director of Physical Education and coach of basketball. It was during this eventful year that our two classmates, Mary Davagian and Marjorie Caplette, were given a tryout in a league game where they proved themselves worthy of a first class position for the remainder of the year. Florence Drumgool was a substitute forward at that time. At the annual presentation of letters Miss Caplette and Miss Davagian received theirs.

When our junior year rolled around, a still increasing number went religiously to practice. As a result when the varsity team was selected, a large percentage was members of the class of 1933. Marjorie Caplette was elected captain; Mary Davagian was a regular, and Dorothy Taylor, Elizabeth Fish and Beatrice Kupcinskas were substitutes.

Previous to this year a cup had been awarded to the championship team of this district, but because of conditions, the custom was discontinued this season. The Millbury High School team had won the cup for the past two years.

The former members of our squad redoubled their work in our senior year to gain positions on the team. Once more after the usual practice Marjorie Caplette, Mary Davagian, Elizabeth Fish, Dorothy Taylor and Beatrice Kupcinskas won suits. Mary Davagian, a veteran of two seasons, was elected captain of the 1933 team. As a last word we wish the best of luck to our efficient coach, Miss Jane Sullivan, and to the future girls' teams.

BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Coach: Mr. Beaton
Manager: Harold Jannery

Captain: Harold Army

Chester Shaw
Andrew Stewart
Francis Bertrand
Edward King
Gerald Roberts

Bernard Ducharme
John O'Connell
Hugh Eaton
Willard Taft

BOYS' ATHLETICS

HAROLD JANNERY

MILLBURY HIGH SCHOOL has just completed a very successful season in athletics.

Last June the baseball team won its second consecutive championship for Millbury High School. Millbury High School, champion of the Eastern Division of the League, played Bartlett High School of Webster, champion of the Western Division of the League, for the championship of both leagues. In the first game played at Webster, Millbury High School won by a comfortable margin. In the second game Bartlett High nosed us out by one run. The third and deciding game was played at Fitton Field in Worcester. After a thirteen inning battle Millbury won this game which carried the championship with it. The Seniors played an important part in the winning of this championship, and their positions were as follows: Harold Army, catcher; Roy Bruninghaus, pitcher; Chester Shaw, short-stop; Hugh Eaton, center-fielder; Benjamin Shilale, right fielder; Willard Blanchard, catcher; William Hogan, outfielder; Thomas Hill, pitcher.

At the beginning of this school year Coach Beaton organized the track team. After win-

BOYS' BASEBALL TEAM

Coach: Mr. Beaton Captain: Harold Army

Manager: Harold Jannery

Chester Shaw	Roy Bruninghaus	Edward Beauregard	Robert Turner
Clifford Taylor	Thomas Hill	Hugh Eaton	Harold Briddon
Willard Blanchard	Benjamin Shilale	John O'Connell	William Hamilton
	Donald Taylor	George Turner	

ning four straight meets with surrounding high schools, the team went to Oxford, where it won the championship for the second consecutive year. This victory entitled Millbury High School to hold permanent possession of the large silver cup donated by the Southern Worcester County Athletic Association. The teams against which Millbury competed at Oxford were Oxford, Shrewsbury, Sutton, Northbridge and Hopedale.

Next came basketball, and although Millbury High School did not win the championship, it had a good season, finishing in third place. The team was characterized by its great fighting spirit and won a large and enthusiastic following composed both of high school students and townspeople.

The Senior Class placed four regulars on the team. Captain Harold Army and Hugh Eaton teamed up at the guard positions, William Hogan occupied one of the forward positions, and Chester Shaw jumped center. Captain Army was high scorer for the season, with Chester Shaw and William Hogan coming next in order. Captain Army and Chester Shaw were also honored by being chosen on the All-Interscholastic Basketball team of the Eastern Division of the Southern Worcester County League.

Harold Army will captain the baseball team and he expects to play on a champion team for his third consecutive year. He has also played on one championship basketball team.

When the senior athletes graduate in June, they bring down the curtain forever upon their athletic careers under the colors of Millbury High School, but they will always remain in the memory of the "fans" of Millbury.

THE PUBLIC SPEAKING AND DEBATING SOCIETY

DOROTHY HARRIS

THE Public Speaking and Debating Society under the competent direction of Mr. Shaw, prospered this year more than ever before. More new members joined and as a result of this new material a more interesting group of speeches was delivered.

The society is an organization of high school students who are united in one purpose, namely to promote public speaking at Millbury High. The Debating team is made up of members who are selected by Mr. Shaw after everyone has been given a tryout in one way or another.

This year the team again competed for the cup in the contest between high schools which is sponsored by Clark University. The question on which they debated was "Resolved: All intergovernmental war debts should be cancelled." Oxford was chosen as our opponent and they were able to defeat us in their home town while we were victorious here. Leo Gravel, James Foster, and Chester Ethier upheld the affirmative side of the discussion at Oxford, while Richard Montague, Chester Shaw, and Russell Vickery debated on the negative.

Shortly before our spring vacation Clarence DeMar, the famous marathon runner, delivered an address before the entire school. His lecture was concluded with an exhibition of his running ability by taking on the boys' track team. This gentleman was brought to Millbury under the auspices of the Public Speaking and Debating Society.

The last event of the year given by our society was a Memorial Day program in the school auditorium. The program was opened with the singing of America. Tableaus of five historic scenes were next presented by the following members: D. Dyan, J. Foster, L. Ducharme, C. Ethier, E. Huges, L. Gravel, D. Harris, V. Harootunian, L. Hopkins, E. Vickery, R. Montague, C. Shaw, and H. Luibaskas. Credit goes to Edith Rowe for the coaching of these tableaus. James Foster delivered the Gettysburg Address, which was followed by addresses by representatives of the G. A. R., Spanish War, World War, Sons' of Veterans, and Women's Relief Corps. The singing of The Star Spangled Banner closed the program.

Every member of the society agrees that this has been a very successful year and I, in behalf of the members, wish you, Mr. Shaw, even more success in the future.

ACTIVITIES OF THE DRAMATIC CLUB

ANNETTE GAUTHIER

THE Dramatic Club has been quite successful in the past few years in its accomplishments and progress.

Every year the number of members has increased.

This year the Club has given two presentations—one at Christmas time and another May 12; the former was free and the latter cost only twenty cents for a two-act play and a dance after. On December 23 a Christmas party was given for the members at which refreshments were served, gifts were given, games were played, and dancing was enjoyed. Everyone enjoyed this and it created a new interest in other students who were sorry that they had not joined before. The last presentation on May 12 was very successful, as many pupils and adults attended. The dance was a great attraction, but I think that everyone enjoyed the play equally well.

The Club held its meetings regularly every two or three months and at these assemblies a brief program of entertainment was given by a committee appointed for each gathering.

At the first meeting the officers were elected and I am sure that everyone agrees that we could not ask for any better directors than those who were chosen. The result of the election was as follows: President, Miss Dorothy Harris; Vice-President, Olga Dalida; Secretary, Elvira Palletta; Treasurer, William O'Connell; and Assistant Treasurer, William Gibson. These members did their best to help the Club in every way, and we want to thank them for their work.

All the Club's activities helped to create school spirit, as its members would encourage the other students to join or come to its presentations.

Even though the Club has increased every year, there is still room for many more students who would like to join the old members in their activities and good times; and, I think, at least I hope, that many more names will be added to next year's list.

I wish the Club the best of success in future years.

CLASS STATISTICS

M ysterious .....Casimir Markunis
I ntelligent.....Mary Davagian
L ively .....Olga Dalida
L oyal .....Harold Jannery
B ashful .....William Hogan
U nique .....Mildred Flagg
R oughish .....Harold Jannery
Y outhful .....Everett Glover

H andsome .....Henry Coleman
I mpish .....Alice Johnson
G raceful .....Marjorie Caplette
H umorous .....Harold Army

S incere .....Helen Bacon
C ourteous .....Hugh Eaton
H ilarious .....Roy Bruninghaus
O bservant .....Paul Lisk
O ptimistic .....Chester Ethier
L oquacious .....Elizabeth Hill

S edate .....Margaret Gibbons
E fficient .....Leo Gravel
N onchalant .....Elizabeth Fish
I nnocent .....Ethel Michelson
O riginal .....Genevieve Kersulis
R egal .....Dorothy Harris

C alm .....Helen Bacon
L oveable .....Marjorie Caplette
A ttractive .....Alma Anderson
S ophisticated .....Marion McGill
S tudious .....Willard Blanchard

SENIOR SNAPSHOTS

DORIS ADAMS—collecting slips—tripping quickly across the room—in one light movement deftly procuring the slip from the desk—perhaps a glance about the room and a sweet shy smile at somebody—then her eyes demurely downcast—light brown hair set in perfect waves—there is more of her lovely natural color suffusing her face than usual—and how nice she is in blue!

ALMA ANDERSON—being teased—facing the banterers with a good natured grin—swaggering her shoulders a little and shaking her head in laughing denial at some accusation—her hair lies in soft wide waves fringed with curls.

ROGER ANDERSON—thundering steeds tear down the turf—Roger's eagle eye catches each beat of the pounding hoofs—his face pleads for the victory of his favorite mount—quiet calmness overshadows him—eyes observant—interest glares forth from every inch of his countenance.

HAROLD ARMY—A howl!—a yelp!—the Indians are coming—no—it's just Jake in a playful mood—did you ever see him otherwise?—I haven't either—but now it's his turn—he'll be called on next to translate—he's quieted down—he's serious! (Sixth period Latin class).

HELEN BACON—freshening up—first—a comb is drawn quickly through her blonde hair smoothly drawn back from her forehead—a small pug at the nape of her neck—then a few lovely golden waves are rapidly pushed in—slap—slap—powder—now evenly spread over her nose and tilted chin—all this time she is laughing and rapidly talking in her soft voice—quite presentable.

JOSEPHINE BEAUREGARD—conversing—one elbow resting on a teacher's desk—head bent confidentially forward—other hand waving in the air—wafting aside any trivial obstacle—just like that!—eyes constantly observing—listen.

WILLARD BLANCHARD—a quiet woodlot—a man—gun in hand—weaving his way through thicket and brush—birds knowing of his presence have used the back alley home—who is this disappointed hunter?—Willard.

ROY BRUNINGHAUS—superb as a pitcher—yet modest as can be—the crowd is very satisfied with the mound work—expressions of approval are bursting forth—yet is "Bud" bothered?—no, not "Bud."

MARJORIE CAPLETTE—questioning—slim figure in blue resting against a wall—foot tapping on floor—head dropped—resting on clasped hands—countenance serious—eyebrows raised—large brown eyes rather pleading—mouth drooped—her wealth of dark brown curls making a halo about her small face.

HENRY COLEMAN—a fast even stride—a look of determination—ambition is written across his face—a final sprint breaks the tape—"Henny" has finished first again.

OLGA DALIDA—in an embarrassing moment—one hand tucking a stray hair in that blonde roll—head shaking vigorously—eyes brimming with good-natured laughter—blushing furiously—thrusting the tip of her tongue out—then she quickly slaps one hand to her mouth—"Gosh!"—says Olga.

MARY DAVAGIAN—always "on the go"—never tired—ever pleasing and pleasant—holds the basketball firmly—looks about—gains her bearings—shoots the ball to her right-hand man—swiftly runs to opposite side of the floor—catches the ball—shoots—a basket—smiles cheerfully—and she goes about with a perpetual smile—never complaining.

FLORENCE DRUMGOOL—intently listening to the singing of one of her classmates—hums a few bars timidly—bursts forth in rapturous song at the part familiar to her—the song dies down to a whisper—excitedly asks her friend to write down the words of the song and to sing them for her—her request is granted and she sallies forth with a pleased expression humming to herself the song she has just learned—song bird.

HUGH EATON—milling mobs—flying hamburgs—a youth masters the situation—alert—dashing about the store—accurately giving change—fire and interest in his eye—who is he?—ye old athlete—Hugh Eaton.

THE AFTERMATH 1933

CHESTER ETHIER—enthusiastic or even fiery and spirited—two large glaring, piercing eyes of bluish gray—smilingly eager and observant—lips drawn together tightly—breath temporarily stopped—the third degree is being performed by Miss Riordan.

ELIZABETH FISH—willowy—even wriggling—romping—sitting silently at her desk, a rare occurrence—smiles at approaching friend—listens attentively—jumps out of her seat—dashes out of the room and down the corridor—finds the object of search—goes off into a tirade—goes back to home room—jabs her fingers into a friend's ribs—giggles—resumes her seat still giggling.

Shy?—somewhat—foot against fence—eyes bright—gay smile on lips—hands in her coat pocket—looks up into the eyes of her manly ideal—sighs—turns head away—says a few dejected words—is cheered by him—comes up into school very happy—our modest little heartbreaker?—MILDRED FLAGG.

JAMES FOSTER—united we stand—divided we fall—etc—etc—convincing in his manner—pleading voice—stately posture—satisfactory use of grammar—breadth of expression—wonderful appearance—but has one weakness—(can it be the opposite sex?!?!)—we hope not.

ROSE GALLIO—Gains floor after several attempts—nervously "hems and haws"—eventually starts her recitation—very shy—closes her eyes innumerable times—blushes a vivid carmine—sits down with her usual little lurch—smiles with her hand over mouth—thus is enacted a scene that saves her from outlining the day's assignment.

ANNETTE GAUTHIER—Startled—first sitting—patting with satisfaction glistening black curls—(just had an attractive permanent y'know)—then giving a sharp twist—face completely exposing her feeling—unbelief—eyebrows arched—full brown eyes flashing—mouth forming a perfect circle—"Oh!" exclaims Annette.

MARGARET GIBBONS—Shyness personified—ever pleasant—observing—is showing a classmate how to use the adding machine—completes sum—points out the various uses of the machine—the listener understands and imparts that information—Margaret extremely well-pleased with herself—goes off humming a gay tune.

EVERETT GLOVER—Crowds cheered—what was it all about?—his face aglow with joy—eyes twinkling—bright remarks—protests from the girls about him—anyone could see "Baldy" didn't know there was a ball game being played.

LEO GRAVEL—Tense spellbound audience—big words—fast flying words—calm enthusiastic sincere voice—stately figure—expression of earnestness and enjoyment in his eyes—who is this son of Demosthenes?—just ye old President debating!

GEORGE HALL—Crowd by the court—George gracefully glides over the clay—comments from the side lines—George is slipping—murder in his eye—in a mad frenzy dashes about—game over—he lost—who cares—George is playing tennis!

MARY HAMILTON—Oral topic—nervously fingers her skirt—shyly gives title—hands then are firmly fixed on the desk—voice well modulated—face flushed—earnest expression—mouth is occasionally set in fixed smile—but eyes are serious as they rove over pupils' faces—wavy brown hair brushed back—in the growing stage—one is impressed by sincerity—and well given topic.

DOROTHY HARRIS—Driving—firm hands capably handling the wheel—head dropped downward and inward making a scarcely perceptable extra chin—eyes upward—intently fixed on the road—mouth pursed—then she turns aside—charmingly smiles—speaks—turns back—oh! was that a red light I passed!

Always talking—very nervous—never quiet—hands in perpetual motion—extremely disgusted and irritated—"she said this"—and "she said that"—sympathy is bestowed upon her—face brightens—bell rings—she's still talking—is spoken to—stops—looks as though she had been highly insulted—our ELIZABETH HILL.

THOMAS HILL—The "Big Moment"—no, it isn't a "she"—just one of those exceptionally close baseball games—two men on—the score—7-5—last of the ninth—people are scattering—"Tommy" up—count—3 and 2—here's the next one—closes his eyes—swings—and runs—as "Tommy" crosses home plate, the fielder is still running in the opposite direction.

WILLIAM HOGAN—Millbury behind—a figure looms above the darkness—fast accurate passing—good shooting—sincere whole-hearted encouragement—tense face—fire and fight in his eyes—Millbury overcomes and wins—who is this gallant athlete?—WILLIAM HOGAN.

HAROLD JANNERY—A fight!—no—no—just an over-spirited little boy—pulling Olga's hair—his manner of courting—broad grin showing his pearly-white teeth—wears a size six and a half hat—don't judge a man's intelligence by the size hat he wears—(especially "Bus").

Outside—ever moving—very agile—impish in her actions and words—romping about the corridors at recess — in class—quiet — rather dignified — using words that are above some of our heads—this live cyclone?—none other than—ALICE JOHNSON.

Leaning over desk with chin on hand—shoulders hunched—eyes intent upon the teacher—smiles flickering about her lips—slowly rises to answer—offers her response timidly—hesitating—resumes her seat—expressionless in action and appearance—very nonchalant—demure—ELFVA JOHNSON.

GENEVIEVE KERSULIS—Very sober—eyes intent upon books—extremely thoughtful expression—puzzling—ray of light—eyes brighten—smile radiates her face—her arm shoots up into the air—pours forth her answer in a most satisfied manner—the study of poems during the English period.

MELVIN KOEHLER—What a crowd! must be some great attraction—certainly is—attentive group listening to fish stories—(true)—and hunting stories—(both true and false)—in their midst sits a veteran hunter and fisherman—Melvin—both calm and sedate—a regular yarn!

BEATRICE KUPCINSKAS—Always laughing—ever gay—serious only in English—face clouded—slouched down in seat—is called upon—answers—answer is rejected—she goes on to explain what she thought it was—a discussion ensues—the teacher yields and says she had not been sufficiently specific—Beatrice sits down with a sigh of relief—smiles—is happy the rest of the day.

PAUL LISK—Extraordinary flow of words—rare irony—unusual sarcasm—perfect flattery—audience breathless with fear—he listens nonchalantly—"and she's telling me!"—who can this lackadaisical person be?—it's all yours—Paul. (3rd period English class).

CASIMIR MARKUNIS—Class roars with laughter—humor in the very sincerity of his voice—revenge in his eyes—wonderful sentence structure—perfect coherence—what a genius!—advocating repeal of women suffrage in an oral topic during English.

Listening intently—eyes open wide—thoughtful expression—hurries to customary place at the experiment table—looks about annoyed—stands helplessly for a few moments trying to collect her wits—finds what she is looking for—completes the experiment—goes back to seat with the air of one who has just discovered a valuable reaction to some test—the chemist?—why—ALICE McARDLE.

MARION McGILL—Titian haired classmate—her mass of red curls making a bright spot in the gloomy surroundings—a pleasant smile radiates her face—her long thin hands always expressing her emotions—her individual walk shows her lightness—an interesting person.

ANNA McGRATH—Bashful—ever beside her chum—eyes wide—alert—slow-moving but unrelentless—seldom smiling—grown-up in her ideas in comparison with some of her classmates—a quiet timid girl—our Anna.

Head on hand—open books upon the desk—pencil in hand raised over a paper—eagerly listening to a tale told by a friend—disgust overshadows her face—writes something on the paper violently—utters some remarks that please the friend—smiles—bell rings in the midst of her conversation—a recess habitually spent by—ETHEL MICKELSON.

RICHARD MONTAGUE—She listens eagerly—and why not—"Dick" has a new one to tell—this is about a motor-boat experience—place—Lake Singletary—time—Sunday afternoon (all homework finished)—company—a dog and a parrot (also young brother)—rather interesting don't you think?

CECIL MURRAY—Speech is silver—silence gold—Cecil arrested for hoarding gold—he rises—a clear voice rings forth—few students can hear him—everyone has passed out—Cecil is reciting in History!

GLADYS PAINE—Ever blushing—never answering—very seldom speaking—writes a few shorthand outlines—giggles to herself—shows her neighbor some snapshots—giggles once more—resumes her writing.

FLORENCE PETERSON—Dreaming figure bent over—elbow on desk—face resting on her hand—chin uptilted—mouth relaxed—large lovely blue eyes staring out the window with such wide-eyed innocence—golden hair fluffed about her face giving an ethereal appearance—but—we wonder what occupies her busy mind.

LINCOLN RIVERS—Never blushes (much)—not even when spoken to by a girl—calm and sincere in thought—slow-moving—surety is preference—place everywhere—time—always—"Link" is unique.

CHESTER SHAW—Cheering crowd—tie score—17-17—thirty seconds to go. Like a flash of lightning he dashes—picks it from air—carefully aims and shoots—game finished—Chet (the lifesaver).

BENJAMIN SHILALE—The light of ambition!—quick in response—what a promising youth!—success at his very door-step—timidly he walks to the registrar—how can he be refused—what's this?—success?—yes—Ben's a sailor.

GEORGE STOWE—Perfectly groomed in a new suit—all dressed up—bright clear eyes—hair slicked back—huge smile from ear to ear—head tipped just so—listen to the birdie—George getting his picture taken.

DOROTHY TAYLOR—Discussing anything—sturdy legs wide apart—both hands on hips—one eye narhows as she gives a defiant answer—between chewing and talking her jaws seem to have more than they can do—hair shining black—head tossed back as she laughs heartily at something extremely amusing.

CHARLES WHITTEN—His observant eye pierces nature herself—eager fingers dash to the ground—expressions of admiration swell the breeze—oh that's nothing—Charlie accompanied by a fair friend in the West Millbury woods picking May-flowers.

GEORGE WILSON—Lo and behold!—he speaks—words of wisdom—unassuming and carefree—almost convincing—is seated and relieved—no outline for tomorrow—wisest of the wise—O Socrates! ("Georgie"—4th period American History Class).

SENIOR CALENDAR 1932-33

Sept. 6-9

Returned to our old grind again! Oh well, I suppose we can stand the strain for this, our last year.

Sept. 12-16

The "freshies" are still under the spell of the first week, and still gaze at the seniors with awe and amazement.

Oh! how nice to be dignified!

Sept. 19-23

Tryouts for the play this week. Such talented actors and actresses in Millbury High—You never did see the like!

Sept. 26-30

This beautiful weather is really quite disturbing. It seems that we really haven't as yet begun to study. But then, there's a whole year ahead of us. Time enough!

Oct. 3-7

A new month and "D"' warnings in its wake. Whose brilliant mind ever devised such a means of punishing the delinquent students! Too bad we haven't a rope—

Oct. 10-14

"Husky" informed us this week that she had been offered a position but did not accept because there was no future in it. Not understanding her reply, we asked for an explanation. "The boss is already married," was her calm answer.

Oct. 17-21

The magazine campaign this week! What a job! What a job!

Oct. 24-28

Does anyone feel like studying? If you do, beware the shadow!

Oct. 31-Nov. 4

It's taken all this week for two of our Senior crew to get over the effects of Hallowe'en. They say they went ringing doorbells, but we have our doubts.

Nov. 7-11

We gather that Casimir doesn't like women very well; at least they were seriously condemned in his oral topic. We know he'll change his mind later on.

Nov. 13-17

Mr. Neary (in bookkeeping): What is a debtor?

George Wilson: A man who owes money.

Mr. Neary: And what is a creditor?

George Wilson: A man who thinks he is going to get it back.

Nov. 20-25

Monday and Wednesday were awful days, but our vacation was keen!

Nov. 28-Dec. 2

Basketball practice started. Perhaps this will revive our flagging spirits.

Dec. 5-9

A howling success—the school play. Everyone of importance was there!

Dec. 12-16

Stiff necks this week! We all hung out the windows in Room 21 watching Millie and "Louie." Were we jealous!!!!

Dec. 19-23

Gee, what excitement! A great Christmas play by the Dramatic Club and a lecture on staying away from railroad tracks; but they are still a great attraction.

Dec. 26-Jan. 3

Christmas vacation and we needed it.!

Jan. 3-7

Life goes on and here we are back at school after our much enjoyed vacation. Wonder if anyone made any resolutions to study?

Jan. 10-14

Wotta party! Did you see our two jig-saw puzzle fans in Room 15 enjoying the evening? By the by, it was given by the Debating Society.

Jan 17-21

Do we know how to make gas! Mr. Fry from the Framingham Gas Company explained how to do it. We hope this information comes in handy some time or other.

Jan. 24-28

Alma Anderson to Helen Bacon, "I just washed my hair and I can't do a thing with it!" Helen immediately answered, "That's nothing. Say, I washed my feet last night and I can't do a thing with them!"

Jan. 30-Feb. 3

We certainly are glad they're over! We would like to have at our mercy the person who invented mid-years. He wouldn't last long!

Feb. 6-10

Red-letter week! Casimir was seen speaking to one of our Senior GIRLS! We marked that date on the calendar!

Feb. 13-17

We decided where we would have our pictures taken. Mr. J. Carroll Brown seems to be the unfortunate photographer who will be responsible for adding another generation of pictures to the art gallery. We hope they come out good!

Feb. 20-24

A day off for a change. Dear old George Washington had his birthday this week. He believes in helping his countrymen.

Feb. 27-Mar. 3

Did you see the grand "hoofing" at the prom? Everyone had a rather good time, it seems. And is one of our teachers a stately dancer!!!! A great display of gowns too.

Mar. 6-10

We were entertained by the great marathon runner, Clarence DeMar. Regardless of the weather, many of our track men did some fast "sprinting."

Mar. 13-17

Some have received their pictures and we certainly think Mr. Brown deserves credit for the good work he did on some of them.

Mar. 20-24

Everyone has a premature case of spring fever. You can hardly blame them though. No one is doing any lessons. Nothing new!

Mar. 24-Apr. 3

Spring vacation. Everyone had a grand time.

Apr. 3-7

Returned to school and had an english test waiting to welcome us back. Rather mean, says I.

Apr. 10-14

A lecture reminding us to continue our good work. But now I ask you, how can we with these wonderful days; and, after all, we won't be here much longer.

Apr. 17-21

The intelligensia of the Shorthand and Typing group have started to wear out their pencils and give the keys a "break" nights after school. All in carrying out their end of the bargain with Miss Leavitt.

Apr. 24-28

We wonder how the "office force" like Mr. Ratigan as principal. You know Mr. Shea was absent.

May 1-5

Two days of the exhibition. Judging from all reports the exhibition was quite successful, also the "other exhibitions" after regular hours.

May 8-12

"Al" Johnson was appointed chancellor of the "buds" by Miss Riordan in seventh hour English class. Poor girl, she's either got spring fever, or is she thinking of "him"?

May 15-19

Nobody has done any lessons all week long. It would appear that the Medicine Show takes all one's time, as well as makes certain people keep late or should I say, early hours?

May 22-26

The Shorthand Contest this week. Some pupils were so fortunate as to receive two prizes. Is that luck?

May 29-June

Did Aftermath work and decided to have a vacation until the end of the year. Ho-hum!

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